





T H E
L I F E
O F
SHAKESPEARE.

BIOGRAPHICAL curiosity is a just and generous tribute to the memory of persons who have eminently distinguished themselves in life; nor is this curiosity merely a compliment to the objects commemorated; the possessor, who properly gratifies it, will find himself profited in one of the most important points of human knowledge; that is, the knowledge of ourselves: a point seldom attended to, though of the utmost moral and social consequence.

Pedigree is a circumstance frequently ostentatiously and fillily set forth. *Prior's* excellent Epitaph, wherein he styles himself a son of *Adam* and of *Eve*, most pointedly sets aside this chimerical importance: *Mr. Foote*, in his *Author*, gives a full and laughable idea of enthusiastic genealo-

gifts ; where he makes *Cadwallader* say to young *Cape*,—

“ *Your* family !—I don’t believe you ever had a grandfather.”

Merit is by no means hereditary ; and though it may be some credit to a man that his parents have made a respectable figure in life ; yet if he essentially differs from them in conduct, of what consequence is it to society, that the root may be good, if the stem arising from it is of a useless and corrupt nature. From these short, but conclusive considerations, we are bold to say, the herald’s office is the office of folly, over the gate of which, as a crest, or a coat of arms, should be placed a cap and bells, suitably adorned.

Having thus far endeavoured to set aside *family* importance, we familiarly introduce WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, as the son of a woolstapler, born at *Stratford upon Avon, Warwickshire*, in the month of *April*, 1564. The father had a large family—for ten children may well be deemed such ; *William*, though eldest, had little education, and was chiefly trained to his father’s business. What knowledge of Latin he had was acquired at a free school*. It may not be improper here

* We cannot avoid giving warm approbation to institutions which extend education ; yet at the same time we think many of them are most slothfully conducted ; and judge them to be too generally abused by the admission of children whose parents can well



here to observe, that though some respectable Authors appear to lament his narrow progress in the dead languages ; yet we are hardy enough to contend, that if he had been more classical, he would have been less striking ; if more correct, less animated ; and if more uniform, less replete. To compare him to the buckram of some more modern authors, who have learning without genius ; is exactly like bringing the noble, natural, variegated glow of a stately wood ; (perhaps somewhat incumbered with brush and brambles) in contrast with the finical foppery of yew trees and box, cut into appearances which nature never designed, and such as true taste must shudder at.

By marriage, at so early a period as seventeen, with the daughter of one *Hathaway*, a respectable yeoman, our Author took on him the cares of the world ; and seems to have designed an early settlement in life ; but an accident, not of a very respectable nature in the opinion of narrow minded persons, removed him from *Warwickshire* ; namely, deer stealing, in the park of Sir *Thomas Lucy* ; which, however, we are induced to believe proceeded more from youthful frolic, than depravation of principle ; and this we are the rather

well afford to pay for them ; besides, it is almost an invariable rule, that such being able to make presents to the master, claim all his attention, while the heirs of poverty are too often neglected.

confirmed in, by finding no subsequent accusation against his character.

* Prosecution drove him to *London*, where, for the advantage of mankind, and the honour of his country, he formed and obtained a connection with the Theatre, both as Author and Actor; in the former view, his eminence stands undisputed; in the latter, we have very unsatisfactory accounts; such as the Ghost in *Hamlet* having been his principal character; a reason why he was most distinguished in that part, has been advanced in the *DRAMATIC CENSOR*, and we think it conclusive; namely, that as a supernatural being, he pronounced the speeches pompously; but in other characters attending to nature, he deviated from the turgid mode of expression of his fellow comedians; and therefore was little esteemed †.

Bring a sensible, moderate, logical preacher into a methodist chapel, and observe how the audience there will speak of him: The case is nearly parallel.

* We look upon Sir *Thomas Lucy*'s unremitting prosecution of a person, who certainly did not wear a bad character, as a proof that the Baronet possessed a temper malevolent and irascible.

† It is not improbable to suppose, that *Shakespeare* meant to allude to this unnatural bombast mode of acting in his days, when he makes his *Hamlet* say, "O it tears me to the soul, to see a periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to rags, to very tatters," &c. &c.

Though

SHAKESPEARE.

Though it is of very little importance to know what children he had, unless one like himself had sprung up : yet we shall not so far leave the beaten track of biography, as to omit that he had three daughters ; two of whom lived to be married, yet though they had issue, they left no further continuation of the family.

As an Author, no man has been more complimented, no man more abused ; in the latter respect, we mean by multiplied and unworthy editions of his works, most of which were mere jobs. We shall not point out at large the commentators, who, in our idea, come within this view ; but we may safely assert that some of the most celebrated writers within the last fifty years, have been mutilators of *Shakespeare* ; he has been almost as much traded upon, and as vilely interpreted as the Bible.

Theobald, in our opinion, is the only ingenious liberal Critic : He evidently wished to do the Author justice ; and though he often went conjecturally too far, yet in the main, he illustrated *Shakespeare*, better than any other commentator ; neither the laborious Bishop of *Gloster*, nor the tremendous Dr. *Johnson* excepted ; both of whom evidently served themselves much more than they did the subject of their prodigious productions.

The observations of *Pope* and *Rowe* are a disgrace to the great abilities of those able authors,

and place them in the contemptible light of book-sellers tools, who march forth to pass an edition upon public curiosity or credulity, at any rate, through the sanction of great names.

It was the good fortune of *Shakespeare*, from a low station in the theatre, to attract, by irresistible merit, the favourable notice of that discerning Princess, who then sat on the *English* throne*; with so much glory to herself, and such peculiar advantage to her people; her approbation of *Falstaff*, in the first and second parts of *Henry the Fourth*, procured him the honour and advantage of his Sovereign's commands, or rather request, to produce the fat knight a third time. This was rather a heavy task to perform adequately; however, his *Merry Wives of Windsor* shew he was equal to the undertaking: From *Justice Shallow*, a caricature portrait of Sir *Thomas Lucy*, we find our Author had a permanent principle of resentment, so far as the use of his pen went.

It is a strong mark of Queen *Elizabeth's* masculine character, that she should fall in love with *Falstaff*, who since her time has scarce had a female admirer.

* There is nothing can reflect greater credit upon a monarch than to encourage all useful degrees of genius, but particularly that which relates to letters; a want of taste to relish, and liberality to reward this, throws a dark shade over the splendor of a crown.

In the *Midsummer Night's Dream* he pays his royal patroness a great and elegant compliment, where he styles her "a fair vestal throned in the West*." Mr. *Rowe* thinks, and we think with him, that *Falstaff* was an ill-chosen name for his facetious poltroon, as there was in the reigns of *Henry* the Fifth and Sixth a Sir *John Falstaff*, knight of the garter, and a military commander of merit.

The Earl of *Southampton* shewed several marks of favour to our Author, but one singular stroke of beneficence, no less than a thousand pounds† at one donation: Had it been allowable for *Shakespeare* to have handled the Earl of *Essex's* unhappy catastrophe, there is no doubt Lord *Southampton's* liberality would have been elegantly remembered.

The time of his quitting the stage is as dubious as the time of his going on it; it is also a matter of great doubt which of his plays was written first, a point however not very material. However, one very agreeable circumstance, to a generous mind, we are authentically acquainted with,

* Another great tribute to his royal patroness is paid in the predication of *Cranmer* in his *Henry VIII.* at the conclusion of the play.

† A thousand pounds! what a bounty at any time, but especially if we consider the value of money at that period. We have few instances of literary merit being noted in this age, much less rewarded.

namely, that the common calamitous attendant upon great genius, Poverty, did not hang heavy on *his* latter days.

From all we can trace, his life, from the commencement of manhood, was a calm, uniform scene of existence; not perturbed with violent passions, nor marked with uncommon events; not clouded with adversity, nor tempted by the delusive glare of dangerous prosperity; for prosperity may undoubtedly be termed dangerous, when it shines on us with meridian beams.

As to his character, it must be fished out of his writings; from whence, though abundant outlines offer, it is very critical to ascertain a strict likeness *. Some years before his death (which happened in the year 1616, and the 53d year of his age) he spent in comfortable retirement amidst respectable select acquaintance, who admired his talents, and acknowledged his amiable qualifications as a companion.

In *Stratford* church, where his remains lie, is a monument, on which is this Latin epitaph :
 Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
 Terra tegit, populus mœret, Olympus habet.

* A man who knows when he has enough, and with that competence prudently retires from bustling life, proves himself a real philosopher, and in his retreat gives us pleasing ideas of a temporal elysium.

On

On the grave-stone appears the following inscription, which we deem a very strange one :

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here :
Blest be the man who spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones !

Public gratitude, upon representation of his own *Julius Cæsar*, complimented his valuable memory with means to erect an exceeding well-imagined monument in *Westminster Abbey*, upon which we find that celebrated inscription taken from the *Tempest*, "The cloud-capt towers, &c." an inscription the most fanciful, philosophical, and comprehensive for the occasion, that ever pen placed upon paper, or instrument graven in stone : it seems almost providentially suggested for the very purpose whereto it has been so solemnly and so judiciously applied.

One singular point of this great man's character we are clear in, that is, his unparalleled neglect of the correction and publication of his works ; these matters seem to have been of no consequence in his judgment, which, however, has been a literary misfortune to his multitudinous admirers, even in the unparental state, the offspring of his brain were thrown into public view : however the same point evidently prove he was a most spontaneous author, and despised,

perhaps too much, all mechanisim in literary composition.

Mr. *Pope* having given the most respectable general idea of our Author's talents, we shall, with occasional remarks, trace his account: he observes, "If ever any Author deserved the name
" of an *original*, it was *Shakespeare*: *Homer* him-
" self drew not his art so immediately from the
" fountains of nature: it proceeded through
" *Ægyptian* strainers and channels; and came to
" him not without some tincture of the learn-
" ing, or some cast of the models of those before
" him." By the bye, our *British Homer* has trespassed on the *Grecian* by positive assertion, without offering proof; we admire *Shakespeare* as much as he could do, but would not urge a partial and prejudicial comparison against the capital merits of antiquity. *Shakespeare* was not without *some* learning, all the subjects of his dramas are taken from history or romance, and his knowledge of character evidently arose from observation of mankind; therefore his merit, like *Homer's*, must come from some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models before him.

That he has given strong marks of originality to his supernatural beings, is true: but this does not entitle him to the preference here contended against. It must indeed be admitted that his
poetry

poetry seems to convey a strong idea of inspiration, and that he is more an instrument than an imitator of nature. "It is not so just," continues Mr. *Pope*, "to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him. His characters are so much nature herself, that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her; the characters of other writers have a constant similitude, which is a strong presumptive proof they borrow from one another, and are but multipliers of the same images †."

The power of this incomparable dramatist over the passions has been, and is, both felt and acknowledged by all persons, of even common sensation, who have heard his pieces well performed, or even read them attentively; he never attempts rage, grief, love, jealousy, patriotism, terror, or pleasantry, but he works the master strings of sympathetic feeling in each degree. But did *Shakespeare's* power stop here? By no means; he is equally great in calm, philosophical, argumentative reflection; in allusions and descriptions; in choice of materials for his great purposes; and,

† This position, though right in nine cases out of ten, has some indubitable exceptions: a very particular instance we have lately seen. Two musical pieces, by different persons, were sent to a composer, who found a song of ten lines the same verbatim, save three words in each; and the authors did not know one another, nor had ever seen the pieces.

in general, working them up to the greatest advantage. Mr. *Pope* expresses great surprize as such talents in a man of no education, that is, of trifling instruction; but we must observe that earning, hough it assists, never creates genius.

7 We have had of late years an author *totally* illiterate who conceived noble ideas; had a natural and very pleasing flow of versification, apt allusions, with bold imagery, &c. We mean *Henry Jones*, author of the *Earl of Essex*; who, without any advantage from books or company (for he did not much admire the best sort of either) amidst dissipation and drunkenness, with consequent poverty; was, to the last, when sober, capable of expressing himself both on paper and in conversation more nervously, more fancifully, and more correctly, than nine tenths of such as are termed learned men.

This instance proves that *Shakespeare's* share of learning was sufficient to unfold his genius and display his natural talents in the clearest and most splendid point of view.

From these considerations we must express *our* surprize that so many fruitless enquiries, so many inconclusive conjectures, about *Shakespeare's* extent of learning have been suggested; some of his commentators have undoubtedly possessed a much greater share of literary knowledge than he did,

did, yet not one of them has shewn even the shadow of his merit. Errors of negligence and the superfluities of a rapid luxuriant genius frequently occur ; and we should not be so idolatrous as to worship ; to censure them is by no means illiberal ; but at the same time we should remember those frequent beauties which should in criticism, as charity does in religion, cover a multitude of sins.

After dissenting a little from Mr. *Pope's* opinion as to our Author's erudition, we entirely agree, " that his thoughts seem to have come
" from a degree of intuition, as to his knowledge
" of the world ; that he looked through human
" life at one glance, and appears to be the only
" Author who gives ground for a very new, yet
" very justifiable opinion, that the philosopher,
" and even the man of the world, may be born as
" well as the poet." To be so violent in any author's praise as not to allow, if he is a man of free spirited genius, many errors, as well as abundant beauties, is prejudice, and not criticism.

Mr. *Pope*, whom we chiefly trace, says, " That
" as he has written better, so he has written
" worse than any other." The latter point we contend against, for however he trifled to indulge a quibbling and pedantic taste, which prevailed in, and disgraced his time ; yet we make no scruple to declare, that though he may be below
himself

himself in those frivolous excursions of fancy, he is far above any other author, even in that way : as to flattering such a despicable taste, he was doubly obliged to it both as author and actor. We judge him more blameable in another point than this, which has been rarely, if ever before, noticed ; that is, indulging the redundancy of his own imagination so far, that frequently, when a favourite thought struck him, he spun it out and dwelt upon it, not only beyond the limits of dramatic dialogue, but beyond the much more extended bounds of epic poetry *.

Even in scenes of levity, as well as those of passion, he seldom knew when to leave off ; therefore frequently wore elegance and humour threadbare ; this we by no means impute *so much* to a want of judgment, or negligence of thinking, as to a contempt of the auditors and readers of his day. He seems to have entirely made his genius pleasurable and profitable to himself, without much attention to future fame, else he would have sent the offsprings of his brain into the world in a more correct and authentic state.

It has been imputed to him as a merit, that he never blotted a line. That he was not fond of, or very attentive to corrections, we readily believe ; a prompt genius seldom is : but we have undoubted

* For many proofs of this, consult his historical plays particularly.

proof, the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, the three parts of *Henry the Sixth*, *Henry the Fifth*, and *Hamlet*, were not only improved, but almost re-written.

Though Mr. *Pope* obliquely, nay almost directly, appears to deny our Author any essential education in one place, yet afterwards he chuses to make this palliative distinction in favour of *Shakespeare*: "There is, says he, a great difference between learning and languages; how far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine." This is too short-sighted an opinion; 'tis evident he understood some *Latin* and some *French*, though his display of either is not very striking; however his classical allusions are many, various, and fancifully just. Mr. *Pope* proceeds: "It is plain he had much reading at least, if critics will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another: nothing is more evident than that he had a knowledge of natural philosophy, mechanics, ancient and modern history, poetical learning and mythology: we find him very knowing in the customs, rites, and manners of antiquity; in modern *Italian* novel writers, and in the ancients of his own country."

It seems very probable, as *Ben Johnson* had admirers as well as *Shakespeare*, that the friends of each depreciated the opposite party. Partizans are ever in extremes; and as it is universally allowed that

that *Ben* had much more school learning, it was ridiculously asserted that *Shakespeare* had none; and vice versa, as *Shakespeare* had more brilliancy of wit, more ease and elegance of expression; it was said that *Johnson* was deficient in all: because the latter was slow in his productions, his care was interpreted into literary drudgery; while the former's negligent facility, which occasioned him to be too sparing of correction, was magnified into the utmost test of exalted genius. Because *Shakespeare* did not borrow from the classics, he was deemed all originality; while poor *Ben*, from translating several passages, rather pedantically we confess, was pronounced a plagiarist throughout. Contentions of this sort are generally partial and illiberal; in this view, we consider the assertion, that *Ben* was envious of *Shakespeare*, which point seems better supported by that trite opinion, that two of a trade can never agree, than by any other proof: it lays on *Johnson* the grievous charge of ingratitude, as *Shakespeare* introduced him and his talents on the stage, and fostered them there: in just remembrance of which cordial assistance (or else he must have been a most complete and contemptible hypocrite) he wrote a copy of verses to the memory of his beloved Mr. *William Shakespeare*.

Mr. *Dryden* has found, or seemed to find, a duplicity and langour in this compliment; but
we

we rather concur with Mr. *Pope*, that there is no sufficient foundation for such an idea, especially as *Ben* has been blameably lavish in praise, by preferring him to *all* antiquity; and has most judiciously maintained, that he possessed a degree of art, with a full possession of nature. Personal regard beams warmly through many parts of the praise he bestows in his *Discoveries*, where he professes affection for the man, admiration for the bard.

When he endeavoured to rescue our Author's fame from that pitiful, perishable foundation, subordinate theatrical applause, that is, of many actors who then scarce understood what they spoke, he was undoubtedly right. Mean, interested, paltry solicited applause, is a disgrace from which a man of any sensibility would rescue a friend.

It is too common an absurdity to suppose that friendship should cover all failings; but painting an author, or man, however excellent in either capacity, as perfect, is a contradiction to reason, and common experience. When *Ben Johnson* sneered at some passages written by his friend, he did no more than every person who takes up the pen of criticism should do: are friendly more strict than parental ties? The latter allow corrections, why should the former deny? A strong instance of this childish delicacy in friendly forbearance,

bearance, appears in several strictures upon the late Lord *Orrery's* letters on *Swift*, wherein his Lordship though a very tender-minded man, thought it his duty to point to some of the Dean's failings †, though when alive he called and esteemed him his friend. It is much better to avoid biographical painting, than to give unfaithful pictures; if instruction is not the point in view, we may as well read *Robin Hood* and *Little John* as *Plutarch's Lives*. The lights and shades should be impartially discriminated; with this reserve, that in dubious passages, the former should be preferred to the latter; where supposition comes in, it should always come in favourably. These positions, which we think very maintainable, certainly exculpate *Johnson* from either envy, cruelty, or ingratitude; though some occasional sarcastic strokes may have escaped his pen against the man he loved, the author he admired, he ingeniously praises the honesty of *Shakespeare*, the openness and frankness of his temper.

† It is strange that such capricious criticism should make a public appearance. Lord *Orrery* wrote to his son, and very properly, in the double capacity of a tender father, and a faithful historian, he has shown some shade of character where he might have shewn much more: what he did was a point of indispensable duty, as the Honourable *Hamilton Boyle*, to whom he addressed the work, was then instructed to know that the most distinguished geniuses are liable to egregious and most reprehensible failings.

Mr.

Mr. *Pope* was most illiberally severe upon players; perhaps from his antipathy to *Colley Cibber*, whom he hated for having a dramatic genius, which he himself could never attain. He has stigmatised *all* the players as blockheads, a charge not to be justly levelled *at the whole* of any body of people; folly and vice, wisdom and virtue are more or less to be found in every sphere of life: he charges them with all the errors which disgrace the former editions of *Shakespeare*; he might nearly as well have imputed those errors to the Author, who must have seen some of his plays, as some were printed during his life time: though negligent we allow him to be, yet it is a very great strain of credibility to suppose he did not see the printed copies; and if he did, it is still more extraordinary to imagine he would let such passages pass uncensured, uncorrected; but the truth is, we believe, that self-sufficient and self-interested commentators have supposed blunders to show their own dexterity in rectification, and furnished explanations which the Author never had an idea of.

Hemings and *Condell*, two cotemporary performers, in 1633, seven years after our Author's decease, published a folio edition of his plays, which they declared to be the only genuine one. Of this Mr. *Pope* says, it is freer from literal errors than preceding ones; but from the foisting in a number of trifling and bombast passages, it rather falls

falls below them. It is beyond all dispute, that no author has ever been so much mangled, so much burthened with additions, or so much wounded with abbreviations and erasements.

Judging from stile and sentiments, Mr. *Pope* observes, and we freely go into his opinion, that those dismal dramas, most strangely attributed to the *Avonian Bard*, *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, *Leocrine*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Yorkshire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, and *London Prodigal*, cannot justly be admitted as his; and we really admit *Love's Labour's Lost*, with *Titus Andronicus* among the number proscribed; but we differ from the *English Homer*, as to the *Winter's Tale*, for we think there are many and powerful marks of the master's hand in that piece; many of the extravagancies in it are fine. If *Shakespeare*, as is suggested, had the management of the theatre, and prostituted his name to recommend such pieces, he must have been mean to a degree, palpably avaricious, and unpardonably negligent of fame; to admit this, is a gross and unjust blemish on the bard's character.

Mr. *Pope* thinks, and not improbably, that in his acknowledged best pieces, “ many faults
 “ have been unjustly charged to his account,
 “ from arbitrary additions, expunctions, trans-
 “ positions of lines and scenes, confusions of
 “ characters

“ characters and persons, wrong application of
“ speeches, corruptions of innumerable passages
“ by the ignorance, and wrong corrections of them
“ again by the impertinence, of his first editors ;
“ from one or other of these considerations I am
“ verily persuaded that the greatest and grossest part
“ of what are thought errors would vanish, and
“ leave his poetical character in a light very dif-
“ ferent from that disadvantageous one in which
“ it now appears.” Nothing can possibly be more
happily suited to *Shakespeare’s* merit, or the com-
mentator’s refined way of thinking, than Mr. *Pope’s*
following conclusion to his preface. The architec-
tural assimilation contained in it is grand and most
happily adapted. “ With all his faults, and with
“ all the irregularities of the drama, one may look
“ upon his works, in comparison of those that are
“ more finished and regular, as upon an ancient
“ majestic piece of *Gothic* architecture, compared
“ with a neat modern building: the latter is more
“ elegant and glaring, but the former is more strong
“ and more solemn. It must be allowed, that in
“ one of these there are materials enough to make
“ many of the other. It has much the greater va-
“ riety, and much the nobler apartments ; though
“ we are often conducted to them by dark, odd,
“ and uncouth passages. Nor does the whole
“ fail to strike us with greater reverence, though
“ many of the parts are childish, ill-placed, and
“ unequal to its grandeur.”

We

We mentioned a poem by *Ben Johnson*, which, to vindicate his character from the charge of envy and malevolence, we transcribe, with occasional remarks.

To the Memory of my *beloved*,
The Author Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
and what he hath left us.

To draw no envy, *Shakespeare*, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame ;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man nor muse can praise too much * ;
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage—but these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise ;
For feeblest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right ;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance ;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seem'd to raise † :
These are as some infamous bawd, or whore,
Should praise a matron ; What could hurt her more ?
But thou art proof against them ; and indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need :
I therefore will begin :—Soul of the age !
The applause ! delight ! and wonder of the stage ‡ !
My *Shakespeare*, rise — I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or *Spenser* ; or bid *Beaumont* lie

* We think this couplet goes as far in panegyric as can be justified.

† *Johnson* here points at and frees himself from the imputation which has been so ill-naturedly suggested against him.

‡ Is this lukewarm praise ? is it a grudging compliment ?

A little

A little further, to make thee a room :
 Thou art a monument without a tomb ;
 And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give *.
 That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses ;
 I mean, with great but disproportion'd muses ;
 For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers ;
 And tell—how far thou didst our *Lilly* outshine
 Or sporting *Kid*, or *Marlow's* mighty line.
 And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,
 From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
 For names ; but call forth thund'ring *Æschylus*,
Euripides, and *Sophocles*, to us,
Pacuvius, *Accius*, him of *Cordova* dead,
 To live again, to hear thy buskin tread
 And shake a stage : or, when thy socks were on,
 Leave thee alone ; for the comparison
 Of all, that haughty *Greece* or over-bearing *Rome*,
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my *Britain* ! thou hast one to show,
 To whom all *Europe* scenes of homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time † !
 And all the Muses still were in their prime ;

* Though the versification of this Poem is, in general, stiff, and uncouth ; yet we perceive great sincerity and warmth of praise in it.

† Could there be conceived a more comprehensive or more delicate panegyric than this ? He who writes temporally, however striking, useful and entertaining, is but a subordinate genius ; he who writes for futurity, and upon universal principles, is capital. In this light *Johnson* justly draws *Shakespeare* ; what more *Dryden* would have had we cannot say, unless such gross daubing as he bestowed in many of his adulatory dedications upon miserable characters ; and this would have been disgraceful to the critic and friend.

When,

When, like *Apello*, he came forth to warm
 Our ears, or like a *Mercury* to charm !
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,
 And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines ;
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As since she will vouchsafe no other wit :
 The merry *Greek*, tart *Aristophanes*,
 Neat *Terence*, witty *Plautus*, now not please :
 But antiquated and deserted lie,
 As they were not of Nature's family.
 Yet must I not give Nature *all* ; thy art *,
 My gentle *Shakespeare*, must enjoy a part :
 For tho' the Poet's matter Nature be,
 His art doth give the fashion : and that he
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
 (Such as thine are) and strike a second heat
 Upon the Muses' anvil ; turn the same,
 (And himself with it) that he thinks to frame ;
 Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn,—
 For a good poet's made, as well as born † :
 And such wert thou : Look, how the father's face
 Lives in his issue ; even so the race
 Of *Shakespeare's* mind and manners brightly shines
 In his well-turned, and true-filed lines ;

* *Ben*, not satisfied with allowing his friend all natural power gives him here the advantages of art ; hence it appears he would not have willingly withheld any due point of praise.

† This allusion to a *Smith's* forge is rather laboured, uncouth, and ill applied.

‡ This observation is extremely just ; for mere genius, save some very extraordinary exceptions, is and must be rude, without cultivation. A load of learning is prejudicial, but some knowledge of letters, and an extensive intimacy with mankind, are peculiarly requisite for a dramatic writer.

In

In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
 As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
 Sweet swan of *Avon*! what a sight it were,
 To see thee in our waters yet appear;
 And make those flights upon the banks of *Thames*,
 That so did take *Eliza* and our *James*!
 But stay—I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanc'd, and made a constellation there:—
 Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage,
 Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping stage;
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd
 like night,
 And despairs day, but for thy volume's light†!

From the remarks we have offered, and we hope not unjustly, it may be inferred, that the preceeding lines have more of friendship, than fancy, in them; much more of labour than of genius; they contain strength of thought, but want ease of expression; *Ben's* constant fault.

From a review of our Author, it is beyond a doubt, that Nature never favoured a son of *Parnassus*, more; and we may add, that as Nature formed him to delineate, so she formed Mr. *Garrick* to express. At all times persons of taste and judgment must have admired *Shakef-*

† We know not nor can conceive a warmer compliment than this, wherein *Johnson* throws himself and all other authors aside, to make *Shakespeare* not only the main, but the sole pillar, of the stage.

peare ; but it is certain, that he never reached the zenith of his glory till the inimitable Actor had studied and illustrated him. There is an amazing similitude between the writing of one and the acting of the other ; they both appear regardless of rules and mechanism : The beautiful wildnesses of nature seem to have attracted both, and in different files they appear to have pursued the same track ; though Mr. *Garrick* is never so entirely luxuriant, nor so trifling, yet it is certain that he feels and manifests a very uncommon glow of looks, action, and utterance, equal to his favourite Author's boldest flights of fancy.

Sensible of this, the corporate body of *Stratford upon Avon*, our Author's place of birth, complimented Mr. *Garrick*, in the year 1769, with the freedom of a burghers ; and did it with great politeness. Properly feeling this compliment, and eager to give his *Shakespeare's* memory a fresh and new extensive instance of regard, as well as to do the town some service by an uncommon assemblage of company, he projected a jubilee procession of all *Shakespeare's* principal characters properly habited, which, had weather permitted, would have been a very *nouvelle* and striking exhibition ; even on the stage it met with uncommon approbation, merely as a pageant. It was well fancied, and well executed ; however Mr. *Garrick* enriched the design with an exertion
of

of his poetical abilities, in composing a commemoration Ode, which contains much of fire, feeling, and description; yet it appears very languid in perusal, compared to the Author's spirited recitation of it.

We are willing to allow an author of *Shakespeare's* merit every *secular homage*, but what we have now mentioned is beyond doubt a degree of *profane idolatry*, which is even carried to popish extravagance, by searching after, and most curiously preserving, in different shapes, pieces of a mulberry tree, planted by his own hand. Enthusiastic admirers may depend on it that his works will last much longer, than any remnants of the tree, and need no such perishable proofs of their fame. Mr. *Garrick* has not only been serviceable, by his masterly performance, but essentially so by some most judicious alterations and reformati^ons, which have restored some pieces to the stage, which otherwise must have lain in oblivion. Pruning and altering this Author has been censured by some of his ever sanguine admirers; however, there is no reason to doubt his ready acquiescence, had he lived at this day, to almost every step of that kind which has been taken, both by Mr. *Garrick*, and some other judicious critics before his time, *Tate*, *Dryden*, &c.

As he wrote so profusely in both species of the drama, it may not be improper to suggest,

according to our opinion, in which he claims the preference; and this we are ready to pronounce without hesitation, in favour of Tragedy. His comic scenes have great vivacity, but are in general much incumbered with quibble and obscurity; *Falstaff* excepted, who may be stiled the eldest born son of humour: but his *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Othello*, and *Julius Cæsar* (exclusive of other pieces in the serious cast) overballance a whole library of laughter, produced by the most sterling wit or most genuine pleasantry. The strength and magnificence of his solemn ideas, the sinewy, yet smooth flow of his expression, the elevated propriety of his imagery, his happy introduction and fanciful support of similes, with an unparalleled judicious and just selection of characters, place him above all panegyrick, except the cordial and unlimited applause of admiring audience.

As to the religious principles of this great man, we are not positively ascertained; but from the liberality of sentiment and universal benevolence, which breathe through his works, we are led to believe him of the established church; though some strokes of Popery appear in his *Hamlet*.

In regard to his political tenets, they seem inextricable, and we are sorry to pronounce him rather a time-server; for though upon *Roman* subjects he has promulged the noblest ideas of general
and

and particular liberty, yet in his plays, founded on *English* history, he has advanced laborious deceptive arguments in favour of divine right, non-resistance, passive obedience, &c. but this being chiefly done under the reign of a *Steuart*, though to be lamented, need not be wondered at.

As a private man, we have all imaginable reason to suppose him a humane, mild, affable member of society, who had prudence without avarice, and philosophy to be satisfied with a competence; but one who moved through life as a shining and benign planet, calculated to shed pleasure and advantage. We could dwell much longer, with great satisfaction to ourselves, on the agreeable subject of paying grateful tribute, faint as it may be, to so valuable a memory; but few who read this will want animation or further information on the subject; therefore we shall, as a just and concise climax of praise, conclude with an observation from his own works, which seems prophetically suggested for himself;

———“ Take him for all in all,

“ We shall not look upon his like again.”

P O E M S

WRITTEN BY

Mr. WILL. SHAKESPEARE.

INTRODUCTION.

IN every age and nation, where civilization has taken place, Poetry has been allowed the most dignified degree of literary composition. Out of multitudes who have paid their court to the muses, but few, very few, have made respectable figures : lukewarm, or rather cold mediocrity, having marked a large majority. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider how many requisites are wanting, to furnish excellence ; sound, universal knowledge ; abundant fancy, chaste elegant language, fluent versification, strength of idea, and well applied imagery ; a thorough acquaintance with arts, sciences, systems, mechanics, with the animal and vegetable world ; the resources of imagination should be inexhaustible, with judgment to regulate any assemblage of ideas, however variegated.

Though some Critics have contended for a manifest superiority in Epic composition, we are inclined to place the Drama foremost, not out of complaisance to *Shakespeare*, on account of his acknowledged pre-eminence in that light, but for manifest reasons ; one of which, and not the least, is, that situations and passions are much more varified, and much higher wrought, in the latter, than in the former. The writer of a good Tragedy, requires a
mer,

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much more intimate knowledge of human nature, and the effects of different characters upon public feeling, than the Epic Poet ; there is not so much occasion for sublimity, we confess, but every other point of consideration calls for the most fertile and general abilities. After elucidations of *Shakespeare's* Plays, it would be superfluous to urge any thing here respecting his merit as a Dramatist, more than to say, that as he never has been, so probably he never will be, equalled in that view ; but as it is common for authors to excel in one case, and fall very short in others, so the Swan of *Avon*, in our idea, falls as far short of himself in his Poems, as he rises above others in his Plays. If we consider the best authors since his time, we shall easily perceive that their talents, conspicuous in one light, appear exceedingly dim in another.

Dryden, who seemed much inclined to, and as we think, was very capable of, Epic Poetry, was a most turgid unnatural writer of Tragedy. Who could suppose the author of *Alexander's* Feast to have been author of the Conquest of *Grenada* ? a jumble of strained ideas and flatulent expressions ; enormous, romantic, and improbable events ; yet we never lose sight of a great genius, violently misused. If this Laureat had never wrote any thing but his plays, he would have appeared in the grave, frantic, and in the gay, licentious ; but in his translations, fables, &c. he greatly excels *Shakespeare*.

Con-

INTRODUCTION.

Congreve, whose poetical genius was above the medium degree, made one wretched attempt in tragedy, namely, *The Mourning Bride*.

Pope, whose elegance of thought, harmony of numbers, and chasteness of idea must always be admired, durst not attempt the stage.

Addison, whose poetical pieces in general command great respect, has furnished but a sermonical, un-affecting collection of good sentiments, correct language, and masterly versification, for the stage in *Cato*.

Dr. *YOUNG*, a most nervous reasoner in verse, a witty and poignant satirist, yet in stage composition was stiff, bombastic and heavy ; yet his *Revenge* has merit.

THOMPSON, whose *Seasons* are almost unexceptionable, in his tragedies appears laborious, prolix, and moving in the buckram of criticism.—These instances are sufficient to shew that a man may excel in one branch of poetry, and be very languid, or absurd in another. We may add *MILTON*, who in his *COMUS*, and *SAMSON AGONISTES*, shows clearness of head, joined to goodness of heart ; shows richness of fancy, with classical correctness ; yet he could not, as we apprehend, have written successfully for the stage, unless it had been after the Grecian model.

We hope not to offend that very amiable and capable poet of our own day, Mr. *MASON*, author of *Elfrida* and *Caractacus*, if we say that those
pieces

INTRODUCTION.

pieces, tho' abundantly pleasing, as well as profitable, in the closet, have but little or no merit for the stage, though music, and a kind of novelty, have given the former some degree of success, lately.

If *Shakespeare's* merit, as a poet, a philosopher, or a man, was to be estimated from his Poems, though they possess many instances of powerful genius, he would, in every point of view, sink beneath himself, in these characters. Many of his subjects are trifling, his versification mostly laboured and quibbling, with too great a degree of licentiousness. After this last assertion it may be reasonably urged, why pieces, confessedly censurable, should be republished? to which challenge we have only to plead, that a desire of gratifying the admirers of our Author with an *entire* addition of his works, has induced us to suffer some passages to remain, which we are ourselves as far from approving, as the most scrupulous of our Readers; but upon consulting the critics, we are told that to have expunged them, might appear as over-strained a piece of prudery, in Literature, as the Regent Duke of *Orlean's* action was, in the Arts; who, toward the latter part of his life, had castigated to *imperfection* certain pieces in his fine collection of statues and painting, in order to render them more decent objects of inspection.

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VENUS.

V E N U S
A N D
A D O N I S.

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castaliâ plena ministrret aquâ.

OVID. *Amor.* l. 1. El. 15.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

Earl of SOUTHAMPTON, and Baron of
TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend, in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship; nor how the world will censure me, for chusing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILL. SHAKESPEAR.

V E N U S
A N D
A D O N I S.

EVEN as the sun, with purple-coloured face,
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd *Adonis* hied him to the chace :
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn.
Sick-thoughted *Venus* makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than myself! (thus she began)
The fields sweet flower! sweet above compare!
Stain to all nymphs! more lovely than a man!
More white and red, than doves or roses are!
Nature, that made thee with herself at strife,
Saith, that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe, thou wonder! to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know.
Here come and sit, where serpent never hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,
 But rather famish them amid their plenty;
 Making them red and pale with fresh variety:
 Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty.
 A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
 Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
 The president of pith and livelihood,
 And trembling in her passion calls it balm;
 Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess's good.
 Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
 Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
 Under the other was the tender boy,
 Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
 With leaden appetite, unapt to toy.
 She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,
 He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle, on a ragged bough,
 Nimbly she fastens (O how quick is love!)
 The steed is stalled up, and even now
 To tie the rider she begins to prove.
 Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
 And govern'd him in strength, tho' not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
 Each leaning on their elbows and their hips;
 Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
 And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips:
 And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
 If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.

He burns with bashful shame; she, with her tears,
 Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks:
 Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs,
 To fan and blow them dry again she seeks.
 He says she is immodest, blames her mis:
 What follows more, she smothers with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stufft, or prey be gone :
Even so she kifs'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to consent, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face :
She feedeth on the stream as on a prey,
And calls it, heavenly moisture ! air of grace !
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms *Adonis* lies :
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret ;
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes.
Rain added to a river, that is rank,
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats ;
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale :
Still he is sullen, still he lowers and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame, and angry ashy pale.
Being red, she loves him best ; and being white,
Her breast is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot chuse but love ;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
From his soft bosom never to remove,
'Till he take truce with her contending tears ;
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet,
And one sweet kifs shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in :
So offers he to give what she did crave :
But when his lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger, in summer's heat,
 More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn ;
 Her help she sees, but help she cannot get,
 She bathes in water, yet in fire must burn.
 Oh pity, 'gan she cry, flint-hearted boy !
 'Tis but a kiss I beg, why art thou coy ?

I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
 Even by the stern and direful god of war,
 Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
 Who conquers where he comes in every jar :
 Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
 And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
 His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest ;
 And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
 To coy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest ;
 Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
 Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he, that over-rul'd, I over-sway'd,
 Leading him prisoner in a red rose chain :
 Strong temper'd steel, his stronger strength obey'd,
 Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
 Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
 For mast'ring her, that foil'd the god of fight !

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
 (Tho' mine be not so fair, yet they are red)
 The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine ;
 What see'st thou on the ground ? hold up thy head :
 Look in mine eye-balls where thy beauty lies,
 Then why not lips on lips, since eyes on eyes ?

Art thou asham'd to kiss ? then wink again,
 And I will wink, so shall the day seem night,
 Love keeps his revels, where there be but twain ;
 Be bold to play, our sport is not in fight.
 These blue-vein'd violets, whereon we lean,
 Never can blab, nor know they what we mean.

The tender spring, upon thy tempting lip,
Shews thee unripe ; yet may'it thou well be tasted :
Make use of time, let not advantage slip,
Beauty within itself would not be wasted.

Fair flowers, that are not gather'd in their prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard favour'd, foul, or wrinkled old,
Ill-natur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'er-worn, despised, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee,
But, having no defects, why dost abhor me ?

Thou can'st not see one wrinkle in my brow,
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning ;
My beauty, as the spring, doth yearly grow ;
My flesh as soft and plump, my marrow burning ;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will inchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green ;
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this primrose-bank, whereon I lie,
The forceless flowers, like sturdy trees, support me :
Two strengthless doves will draw me thro' the sky
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me.
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be,
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee ?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected ?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left ?
Then wooe thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.
Narcissus so himself, himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
 Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
 Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
 Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
 Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty:
 Thou wert begot, to get it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
 Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
 By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
 That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead:
 And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
 In that thy likeness still is left alive.

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,
 For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them:
 And *Titan*, tir'd in the mid-day heat,
 With burning eye did hotly overlook them:
 Wishing *Adonis* had his team to guide,
 So he were like him, and by *Venus*' side.

And now *Adonis* with a lazy spright,
 And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
 His low'ring brows, o'erwhelming his fair sight,
 Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky;
 Souring his cheeks, cries, Fie, no more of love,
 The sun doth burn my face, I must remove.

Ah me! (quoth *Venus*) young, and so unkind:
 What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone?
 I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
 Shall cool the heat of this descending sun.
 I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs,
 If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
 And, lo, I lie between the sun and thee!
 The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
 Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me,
 And, were I not immortal, life were done,
 Between this heav'nly and this earthly sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel ?
 Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth :
 Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
 What 'tis to love, how want of love tormenteth ?
 Oh ! had thy mother borne so bad a mind,
 She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

What am I, that shouldst condemn me this ?
 Or what great danger dwels upon my suit ?
 What were thy lips the worse for one poor kifs ?
 Speak fair : but speak fair words, or else be mute.
 Give me one kifs, I'll give it thee again,
 And one for int'rest, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
 Well-painted idol, image dull and dead ;
 Statue contenting but the eye alone,
 Thing like a man, but of no woman bred.
 Thou art no man, tho' of a man's complexion,
 For men will kifs even by their own direction.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
 And swelling passion doth provoke a pause ;
 Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong,
 Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause.
 And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
 And now her sobs do her *intendments* break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
 Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground ;
 Sometimes her arms infold him like a band ;
 She would, he will not in her arms be bound :
 And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
 She locks her lily fingers one in one.

Fondling, faith she, since I have hemm'd thee here,
 Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
 I'll be the park, and thou shalt be my deer,
 Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale.
 Graze on my lips ; and if those hills be dry,
 Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough,
 Sweet bottom grass, and high delightful plain,
 Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
 To shelter thee from tempest and from rain.

Then be my deer, since I am such a park,
 No dog shall rouse thee, tho' a thousand bark.

At this *Adonis* smiles, as in disdain,
 That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple;
 Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
 He might be buried in a tomb so simple:
 Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
 Why there love liv'd, and there he cou'd not die.

These loving calves, these round enchanted pits,
 Open'd their mouths to swallow *Venus* liking:
 Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
 Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
 Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
 To love a cheek that smiles at thee with scorn.

Now which way shall she turn? What shall she say?
 Her words are done, her woes the more increasing:
 The time is spent, her object will away,
 And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
 Pity, she cries, some favour, some remorse!
 Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo! from forth a cops that neighbours by,
 A breeding jennet, lusty, young and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
 And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
 The strong-neck'd steed, being ty'd unto a tree,
 Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
 And now his woven girts he breaks asunder;
 The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
 Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder:
 The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
 Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd, his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest, now stands an end :
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he lend :
His eye, which glisters scornfully like fire,
Shews his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride :
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, Lo ! thus my strength is try'd :
And thus I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,
His flatt'ring holla, or his stand, I say ?
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur ?
For rich caparisons, or trappings gay ?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees,

Look when a painter wou'd surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art, with nature's workmanship at strife.
As if the dead the living should exceed :
So did his horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, strait legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide.
Look, what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares ;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather :
To bid the wind abate he now prepares,
And where he run, or fly, they know not whither.
For thro' his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, which have like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her ;
 She answers him, as if she knew his mind :
 Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
 She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
 Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
 Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malecontent,
 He vails his tail ; that like a falling plume,
 Cool shadow to his melting buttocks lent ;
 He stamps and bites the poor flies in his fume :
 His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,
 Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His teasty master goes about to take him,
 When lo ! the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
 Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
 With her the horse, and left *Adonis* there.
 As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
 Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down *Adonis* sits,
 Banning his boist'rous and unruly beast.
 And now the happy season once more fits,
 That love-sick *Love*, by pleading may be blest.
 For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
 When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river staid,
 Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :
 So of concealed sorrow may be said ;
 Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage :
 But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
 The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
 Even as a dying coal revives with wind ;
 And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
 Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind ;
 Taking no notice, that she is so nigh,
 For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O! what a fight it was wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy;
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheeks feels:
His tender cheeks receive her soft hand's print,
As apt, as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

O! what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes, as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain,
With tears, which chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a jail of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster hand,
So white a friend ingirts so white a foe!
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Shew'd like to silver doves, that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of our thoughts began:
O fairest mover on this mortal round!
Would thou wert, as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole, as thine, thy heart my wound.
For one sweet look my help I would assure thee,
Tho' nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.

Give me my hand (saith he) why dost thou feel it?
Give me thy heart (saith she) and thou shalt have it.
O! give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it;
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because *Adonis'* heart hath made mine hard.

For shame, he cries, let go, and let me go,
 My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
 And 'tis your fault, I am bereft him so :
 I pray you hence, and leave me here alone.
 For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
 Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies : Thy palfrey, as he should,
 Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire :
 Affection is a coal, that must be cool'd ;
 Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.
 The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none :
 Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

How like a jade he stood, ty'd to a tree,
 Servilely mastred with a leathern rein !
 But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
 He held such petty bondage in disdain ;
 Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
 Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
 Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
 But when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
 His other agents aim at like delight ?
 Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
 To touch the fire, the weather being cold ?

Let me excuse the courser, gentle boy,
 And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
 To take advantage on presented joy ;
 Tho' I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.
 O ! learn to love, the lesson is but plain,
 And once made perfect, never lost again.

I know not love (quoth he) nor will I know it,
 Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it ;
 'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
 My love to love, is love to disgrace it ;
 For I have heard it is a life in death,
 That laughs, and weeps, and all but in a breath.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd ?
 Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth ?
 If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
 They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth.
 The colt that's back'd, and burden'd being young,
 Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing : let us part,
 And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat ;
 Remove your siege from my unyielding heart,
 To love's alarm it will not ope the gate.
 Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flatt'ry ;
 For where a heart is hard, they make no batt'ry.

What ! canst thou talk ? (quoth she) hast thou a tongue ?
 O ? would thou had'st not, or I had no hearing !
 Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong !
 I had my load before, now press'd with bearing.
 Melodious discord ! heavenly tune harsh-sounding !
 Earth's deep sweet music ! and heart's deep fore-wound-
 [ing !

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
 That inward beauty, and invisible :
 Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
 Each part of me, that were but sensible.
 Tho' neither eyes nor ears to hear nor see,
 Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

Say, that the sense of reason were bereft me,
 And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch ;
 And nothing but the very smell were left me,
 Yet would my love to thee be still as much :
 For from the stillatory of thy face excelling,
 Comes breath perfum'd that breedeth love by smelling.

But oh ! what banquet wert thou to the taste,
 Being nurse and feeder of the other four !
 Would they not wish the feast should ever last,
 And bid suspicion double-lock the door ;
 Lest jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
 Should by his stealing in disturb the feast.

Once more the ruby colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd,
Wreck to the seamen, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gust and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh,
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth;
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her, ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down;
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frown,
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, 'till clapping makes it red.

And in amaze brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent,
Fair fall the wit, that can so well defend her:
For on the grass she lies, as she were slain,
'Till his breath breathed life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd;
He kisses her, and she, by her good will,
Would never rise, so he would kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day,
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth;
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array,
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye.

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine :
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded, with his brows repine.

But hers, which thro' the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon, in water seen by night.

O! where am I! (quoth she) in earth, or heaven!
Or in the ocean drench'd! or in the fire!
What hour is this? or morn, or weary even?
Do I delight to die? or life desire?

But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy:
But now I dy'd, and death was lively joy.

O! thou didst kill me, kill me once again:
Thy eyes, shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine
Has taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine:
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other for this cure!
Oh never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

Pure lips! sweet seals! in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make still to be sealing?
To sell myself, I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy and pay, and use good dealing:
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,
Set thy seal manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me,
And pay them at thy leisure one by one.
What is ten hundred kisses unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?

Fair queen (quoth he) if any love you owe me,
 Measure my strangeness with my unripe years,
 Before I know myself, seek not to know me,
 No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears ;
 The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
 Or being early pluck'd, is sour to taste.

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
 His day's hot task hath ended in the west !
 The owl (night's herald) shrieks, 'tis very late,
 The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest :
 The cole-black clouds, that shadow heaven's light,
 Do summon us to part, and bid good-night.

Now let me say good night, and so say you :
 If you will say so, you shall have a kiss .
 Good-night (quoth she) and ere he says adieu,
 The honey fee of parting tendred is.
 Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace,
 Incorporate then they seem, face grows to face.

Till breathless he disjoin'd, and backward drew
 The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
 Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
 Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drowth :
 He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
 Their lips together glu'd, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught her yielding prey,
 And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth ;
 Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
 Paying what ransom the insulter willeth :
 Whose vultur thought doth pitch the prize so high
 That she will draw his lips rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
 With blindfold fury she begins to forage ;
 Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
 And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage :
 Planting oblivion, beating reason back ;
 Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tir'd with chafing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling;
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth.
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen, but dissolves with temp'ring?
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission.
Affection faints not, like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then wooes best, when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O had she then gave over!
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd:
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What tho' the rose have pricks? yet it is pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks thro', and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart.
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him,
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart;
The which by *Cupid's* bow she doth protest,
He carries thence engaged in his breast.

Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we, shall we, wilt thou make the match?
He tells her no: to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar, with certain of his friends.

The boar! (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheeks; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging on his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lifts of love,
 Her champion mounted for the hot encounter :
 All is imaginary, she doth prove,
 He will not manage her, altho' he mount her :
 That worse than *Tantalus* is her annoy,
 To clip *Elysum*, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
 Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw :
 Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
 As those poor birds, that helpless berries saw.
 The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
 She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain, good queen, it will not be,
 She hath assay'd as much, as may be prov'd,
 Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee :
 She's love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd !
 Fie, fie, he says, you crush me, let me go ;
 You have no reason to with-hold me so.

Thou had'st been gone, (quoth she) sweet boy, ere this,
 But that thou told'st me thou would'st hunt the boar :
 O ! be advis'd ; thou know'st not what it is,
 With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
 Whose tusches never sheath'd, he wetteth still,
 Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battel set
 Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes ;
 His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret,
 His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes :
 Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way :
 And whom he strikes, his crooked tusches slay.

His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,
 Are better proof, than thy spear's point can enter ;
 His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed ;
 Being ireful on the lion he will venture.
 The thorny brambles, and embracing bushes,
 As fearful of him, part, through whom he rushes.

Alas ! he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which love's eye pays tributary gazes ;
Nor thy soft hand, sweet lips, and cryстал eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes ;
But having thee at 'vantage (wondrous dread !)
Would root these beauties, as he roots the mead.

O ! let him keep his loathsome cabin still !
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends.
Come not within his danger by thy will ;
They that thrive well, take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Didst thou not mark my face ! Was it not white ?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eyes ?
Grew I not faint ? And fell I not downright ?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But like an earthquake shakes thee on my breast.

For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy
Doth call himself affection's centinel ;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, Kill, kill ;
Distemp'ring gentle love with his desire,
As air and water doth abate the fire.

This four informer, this bate breeding spy,
This canker that eats up love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear.

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs, on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore ;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
Doth make 'em drop with grief, and hang the head.

What should I do? seeing thee so indeed?
That trembling at th' imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination.

I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to morrow.

But if thou needs will hunt, be rul'd by me,
Uncoupled at the timorous flying hare;
Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty;
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch; to overshut his troubles,
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care,
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles.
The many umfits thro' the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth t' amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among the flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell;
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts, wit waits on fear.

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot-scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry, till they have singled,
With much ado, the cold fault cleanly out,
Then do they spend their mouths; echo replies,
As if another chace were in the skies.

By this poor *Wat* far off, upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listning ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear,
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick, that hears the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabled wretch
 Turn, and return, indenting with the way :
 Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
 Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay.
 For misery is trodden on by many ;
 And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly and hear a little more,
 Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise :
 To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
 Unlike myself, thou hear'st me moralize,
 Applying this to that, and so to so ;
 For love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave ? No matter where (quoth he)
 Leave me, and then the story aptly ends :
 The night is spent. Why, what of that ? (quoth she)
 I am (quoth he) expected of my friends :
 And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.
 In night (quoth she) desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, O ! then imagine this,
 The earth in love with thee, thy footing trips,
 And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
 Rich preys make rich men thieves, so do thy lips
 Make modest *Dian* cloudy and forlorn,
 Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

Now of this dark night I perceive the reason,
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shrine,
 Till forging nature be condemn'd of treason,
 For stealing molds from heaven, that were divine,
 Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's despite,
 To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the destinies
 To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
 To mingle beauty with infirmities,
 And pure perfection with impure defeature ;
 Making it subject to the tyranny
 Of sad mischances and much misery.

As burning fever, agues pale and faint,
 Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies woad,
 The marrow-eating sickness, whose attain
 Disorder breeds by heating of the blood :
 Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
 Swear nature's death, for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these maladies,
 But in one minute's sight brings beauty under :
 Both favour, favour, hue and qualities,
 Whereat the imperial gazer late did wonder,
 Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,
 As mountain snow melts with the mid-day sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
 Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
 That on the earth would breed a scarcity,
 And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
 Be prodigal. The lamp that burns by night,
 Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body, but a swallowing grave,
 Seeming to bury that posterity,
 Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
 If thou destroy them not in their obscurity?
 If so, the world will hold you in disdain,
 Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thyself thyself art made away,
 A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife.
 Or theirs, whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
 Or butcher's fire, that reaves his son of life.
 Foul cankerous rust the hidden treasure frets ;
 But gold, that's put to use, more gold begets.

Nay then, quoth *Adon*, you will fall again
 Into your idle over-handled team ;
 The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
 And all in vain you strive against the stream.
 For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,
 Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

If love hath lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown.

For know, my heart stands armed in my ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there :

Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast ;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.

No, lady, no, my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urg'd, that I cannot reprove ?
The path is smooth that leadeth unto danger.
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase ; O strange excuse !
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth usurps his name ;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame :
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like sun-shine after rain ;
But lust's effect is tempest after sun :
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain :
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done :
Love surfeits not ; lust like a glutton dies :
Love is all truth ; lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say ;
The text is old, the orator too green :
Therefore in sadness now I will away,
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen :
Mine ears, that to your wanton calls attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms, which bound him to her breast:
And homeward thro' the dark lanes runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.

Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from *Venus'* eye.

Which after him she darts, as one on shore,
Gazing upon a late embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the merciless and pitchy night,
Fold in the Object, that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropt a precious jewel in the flood;
Or stonish'd, as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood:
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans:
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled.

Ay me! she cries, and twenty times, woe! woe!
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woful ditty:
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe!
And still the choir of echoes answers so.

Her song was tedious, and out-wore the night,
For lovers hours are long, tho' seeming short:
If pleas'd themselves, others they think delight
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport.
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
And without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
 But idle sounds, resembling parasites?
 Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
 Soothing the humour of fantastic wits.

She said, 'tis so: they answer all, 'tis so,
 And would say after her, if she said no.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
 The sun ariseth in his majesty:

Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
 The cedar tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
 O thou clear god, and patron of all light!
 From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
 The beauteous influence, that makes him bright:
 'There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
 May lend the light as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
 Musing the morning is so much o'erworn:
 And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
 She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn;
 Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,
 And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way,
 Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
 Some twine about her thigh, to make her stay;
 She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
 Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
 Hastening to feed her fawn, hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay,
 Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder,
 Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
 The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder:
 Ev'n so the timorous yelping of the hounds,
 Appals her senses, and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
 But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud;
 Because the cry remaineth in one place,
 Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
 Finding their enemy to be so curst,
 They all strain curt'sy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
 Thro' which it enters to surprize her heart;
 Who overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
 With cold pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
 Like soldiers when their captain once doth yield;
 They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling extasy
 Till cheering up her senses fore dismayd,
 She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
 And childish error that they are afraid;
 Bids them leave quaking, wills them fear no more:
 And with that word, she spy'd the hunted boar.

Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,
 Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
 A second fear through all her sinews spread,
 Which madly hurries her she knows not whither.
 This way she runs, and now she will not further,
 But back retires to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways,
 She treads the paths that she untreads again;
 Her more than haste is marred with delays:
 Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
 Full of respect, yet not at all respecting;
 In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake, she finds an hound,
 And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
 And there another licking of his wound,
 'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaister:
 And here she meets another sadly scolding,
 To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he had ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
 Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
 Against the welkin vollies out his voice ;
 Another and another answer him,
 Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
 Shaking their scratcht ears, bleeding as they go.

Look how the world's poor people are amaz'd
 At apparitions, signs and prodigies,
 Whereon, with fearful eyes, they long have gaz'd,
 Infusing them with dreadful prophecies :
 So she, at these sad signs, draws up her breath,
 And sighing it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
 Hateful divorce of love (thus chides she death)
 Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean ?
 To sifle beauty and to steal his breath ?
 Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
 Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet.

If he be dead, O no ! it cannot be !
 Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it.
 O ! yes, it may ; thou hast no eyes to see,
 But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
 Thy mark is feeble age ; but thy false dart
 Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart,

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
 And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
 The destinies will curse thee for this stroke,
 They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower :
 Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
 And not death's ebon dart to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping ?
 What may a heavy groan advantage thee ?
 Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
 Those eyes, that taught all other eyes to see ?
 Now nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
 Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
 She veil'd her eye-lids, which like sluices stopp'd
 The crystal tide, that from her two cheeks fair,
 In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd.

But thro' the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
 And with his strong course opens them again.

O! how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
 Her eyes seen in her tears, tears in her eye;
 Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow:
 Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry.
 But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain;
 Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
 As striving which should best become her grief;
 All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
 That every present sorrow seemeth chief.
 But none is best, then join they all together,
 Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off, she hears some huntsman hollow:
 A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well.
 The dire imagination she did follow,
 'This sound of hope doth labour to expel:
 For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
 And flatters her, it is *Adonis'* voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
 Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass:
 Yet sometime falls an orient drop beside,
 Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass
 To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
 Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard believing love! how strange it seems
 Not to believe! and yet too credulous!
 Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
 Despair and hope make thee ridiculous!
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
 With likely thoughts the other kills the quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she had wrought,
Adonis lives, and death is not to blame :
 It was not she that call'd him all to nought,
 Now she adds honour to his hateful name :
 She 'cleeps him king of graves, and grave for kings,
 Imperial supreme of mortal things.

No, no, (quoth she) sweet death, I did but jest ;
 Yet, pardon me, I felt, a kind of fear,
 When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
 Which knows no pity, but is still severe.
 Then gentle shadow (truth I must confess)
 I rail'd on thee fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault : the boar provok'd my tongue !
 Be wreak'd on him (invisible commander !)
 'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong,
 I did but act, he's author of thy slander.
 Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
 Cou'd rule them both without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that *Adonis* is alive,
 Her rash suspect she doth extenuate :
 And that his beauty may the better thrive,
 With death she humbly doth insinuate :
 Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,
 His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O *Jove* ! quoth she, how much a fool was I,
 To be of such a weak and silly mind,
 To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,
 Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind !
 For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
 And beauty dead black chaos comes again.

Fye ! fye ! fond love, thou art so full of fear,
 As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves :
 Trifles (unwitnessed with eye or ear)
 Thy coward heart, with false bethinking grieves.
 Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
 Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As faulcon to the lure, away she flies:
 The grafs stoops not, she treads on it so light,
 And in her haste unfortunately spies
 The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight.
 Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
 Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
 Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
 And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
 Long after fearing to creep forth again:
 So, at his bloody view her eyes are fled
 Into the deep dark cabins of her head.

Where they resign'd their office and their light
 To the disposing of her troubled brain:
 Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
 And never wound the heart with looks again:
 Who like a king perplexed in his throne,
 By their suggestions gives a deadly groan.

Whereat each tributary subject quakes,
 As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
 Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
 Which with cold terrors doth mens minds confound.
 This mutiny each part doth so surprize,
 That from their dark beds, once more, leap her eyes.

And, being open'd, threw unwilling fight
 Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
 In his soft flank: whose wonted lily white
 With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd.
 No flower was nigh, no grafs, herb, leaf, or weed,
 But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor *Venus* noteth,
 Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
 Dumbly she passions, frantickly she doteth;
 She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
 Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow,
 Her eyes are mad, that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so stedfastly,
That her sight dazling, makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled,
For oft the eye mistakes the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot express my grief for one;
And yet (quoth she) behold two *Adons* dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy hearts lead melt at mine eyes as fire,
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

Alas, poor world! what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim,
But true sweet beauty liv'd and dy'd in him.

Bonnet, or veil, henceforth no creature wear;
Nor sun, nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you.
But when *Adonis* liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair.

And therefore wou'd he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun wou'd peep;
The wind wou'd blow it off, and being gone,
Play with his locks, then wou'd *Adonis* weep:
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both wou'd strive who first shou'd dry his tears.

To see his face, the lion walks along
Behind some hedge, because he wou'd not fear him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tyger wou'd be tame, and gently hear him:
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

When he beheld his shadow in a brook,
 There fishes spread on it their golden gills:
 When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
 That some would sing, some other in their bills
 Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries;
 He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin snouted boar,
 Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
 Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
 Witness the entertainment that he gave.
 If he did see his face, why then I know,
 He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, true, true, thus was *Adonis* slain,
 He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
 Who would not whet his teeth at him again,
 But by a kiss thought to persuade him there:
 And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
 Sheath'd unaware his tusk in his soft groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
 With kissing him, I shou'd have kill'd him first.
 But he is dead, and never did he bless
 My mouth with his; the more am I accurs'd.
 With this she falleth in the place she stood,
 And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
 She whispers in his ear a heavy tale,
 As if he heard the woful words she told:
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
 Where, lo! two lamps burnt out in darkness lie.

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
 Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
 And every beauty robb'd of his effect.
 Wonder of time! (quoth she) this is my spight,
 That, you being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo ! here I prophecy
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend ;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unfavoury end,
Ne'er settled equally to high or low ;
That all love's pleasures shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
And shall be blasted in a breathing while,
The bottom poison, and the top o'er-straw'd
With sweets, that shall the sharpest sight beguile.
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures ;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures ;
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear ;
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust ;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just ;
Perverse it shall be, when it seems most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and fire ;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire ;
Sith, in his prime, death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their love shall not enjoy.

By this the boy that by her side lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood,
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her *Adonis*' breath :
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death :
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

Poor flower ! (quoth she) this was thy father's guise,
(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling fire)
For every little grief to wet his eyes,
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine ; but know it is as good
To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here is my breast,
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right :
Lo ! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night :
There shall not be one minute of an hour,
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves, by whose swift aid,
Their mistress mounted, thro' the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd ;
Holding their course to *Paphos*, where their queen
Means to immure herself, and not be seen.

T A R Q U I N

A N D

L U C R E C E .

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

Earl of SOUTHAMPTON, and Baron of
TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE love I dedicate to your lordship is without
end: whereof this pamphlet, without beginning,
is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of
your honourable disposition, not the worth of my un-
tutored lines, make it assured of acceptance. What
I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours, being
part in all I have devoted you. Were my worth greater,
my duty should shew greater: mean time, as it is, it is
bound to your lordship: to whom I wish long life, still
lengthened with all happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty,

WILL. SHAKESPEAR.

THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS *Tarquinius* (for his excessive pride surnamed *Superbus*) after he had caused his father-in-law, *Servius Tullius*, to be cruelly murdered, and contrary to the *Roman* laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom; went, accompanied with his sons, and other noblemen of *Rome*, to besiege *Ardea*. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of *Sextus Tarquinius*, the king's son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom *Colatinus* extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife *Lucrece*. In that pleasant humour they all posted to *Rome*; and intending by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched: only *Colatinus* finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids, the other ladies were found all dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yeilded *Colatinus* the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time, *Sextus Tarquinius* being inflamed with *Lucrece's* beauty, yet smothering his passion for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his state) royally entertained, and lodged by *Lucrece* at *Colatium*. The same night, he treacherously stealing into her chamber,
violently

violently ravished her; and early in the morning speeded away. *Lucrece*, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatched messengers, one to *Rome* for her father, another to the camp for *Colatine*. They came, the one accompanied with *Junius Brutus*, the other with *Publius Valerius*: and finding *Lucrece* attired in a mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole matter of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent, they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the *Tarquins*: and bearing the dead body to *Rome*, *Brutus* acquainted the people with the doer, and manner of the vile deed; with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent, and a general acclamation, the *Tarquins* were all exiled, and the state-government changed, from kings to consuls.

T A R Q U I N

A N D

L U C R E C E.

FROM the besieg'd *Ardea* all in post,
 Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
 Lust-breathing *Tarquin* leaves the *Roman* host,
 And to *Colatium* bears the lightless fire,
 Which in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
 And girdle, with embracing flames, the waste
 Of *Colatine's* fair love, *Lucrece* the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste, unhaply set
 This baitless edge on his keen appetite:
 When *Colatine* unwisely did not let,
 To praise the clear unmatched red and white,
 Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight;
 Where mortal star, as bright as heaven's beauties,
 With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in *Tarquin's* tent,
 Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state:
 What prizeless wealth the heavens had him lent,
 In the possession of his beauteous mate;
 Reckoning his fortune at so high a rate,
 That kings might be espoused to more fame,
 But king nor prince to such a peerless dame.

46 TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few !
 And if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done !
 As is the morning's silver melting dew,
 Against the golden splendor of the sun ;
 A date expir'd and cancel'd ere begun,
 Honour and beauty in the owner's arms,
 Are weakly fortrest from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
 The eyes of men without an orator ;
 What needed then apologies be made,
 To set forth that which is so singular ?
 Or why is *Colatine* the publisher
 Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
 From thievish cares, because it is his own ?

Perchance his boast of *Lucrece*' sov'reignty
 Suggested this proud issue of a king ;
 For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be.
 Perchance, that envy of so rich a thing
 Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
 His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should want
 The golden-hap, which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
 His all too timeless speed, if none of those.
 His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
 Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
 To quench the coal, which in his liver glows.
 O rash false heat wrapt in repentant cold !
 Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old,

When at *Colatium* this false lord arriv'd,
 Well was he welcom'd by the *Roman* dame,
 Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd,
 Which of them both should underprop her fame.
 When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame ;
 When beauty boasted blushes, in despite,
 Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,
 From *Venus*' doves doth challenge that fair field;
 Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
 Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
 Her silver cheeks, and call'd it then her shield;
 Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
 When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white;

This heraldry in *Lucrece*' face was seen,
 Argu'd by beauty's red and virtue's white;
 Of either's colour was the other queen,
 Proving from world's minority their right;
 Yet their ambition makes them still to fight:
 The sov'reignty of either being so great,
 That oft they interchange each other's feat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
 Which *Tarquin* view'd in her fair face's field,
 In their pure ranks his traitor eye incloses,
 Where, left between them both it should be kill'd,
 The coward captive vanquished doth yield
 To those two armies, that would let him go,
 Rather than triumph o'er so false a foe.

Now thinks he, that her husband's shallow tongue,
 The niggard prodigal, that prais'd her so,
 In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
 Which far exceeds his barren skill to show.
 Therefore that praise, which *Celatine* doth owe,
 Enchanted *Tarquin* answers with surmise,
 In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly faint, adored by this devil,
 Little suspected the false worshipper.
 'For thoughts unstain'd do seldom dream of evil,
 'Birds never lim'd, no secret bushes fear:'
 So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
 And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
 Whose inward ill no outward harm express.

43 TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
 Hiding base sin in pleats of majesty,
 That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
 Save sometimes too much wonder of his eye :
 Which having all, all could not satisfy ;
 But poorly rich so wanteth in his store,
 That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she that never cop'd with stranger-eyes,
 Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
 Nor read the subtle shining secrecies
 Writ in the glassy margents of such books,
 She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks ;
 Nor could she moralize his wanton sight
 More, than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
 Won in the fields of fruitful *Italy* ;
 And decks with praises *Colatine's* high name,
 Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory.
 Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
 And wordless, so greets heav'n for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
 He makes excuses for his being there ;
 No cloudy show of stormy blust'ring weather,
 Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear,
 Till fable night, sad source of dread and fear,
 Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
 And in her vaulty prison shuts the day.

For then is *Tarquin* brought unto his bed,
 Intending weariness with heavy sprite ;
 For after supper long he questioned
 With modest *Lucrece*, and wore out the night.
 Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight,
 And every one to rest themselves betake,
 Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that wake,

As one of which, doth *Tarquin* lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining,
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Tho' weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining;
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining:
And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,
Tho' death be adjunct, there's no death suppos'd.

Those that much covet are of gain so fond,
That oft they have not that which they possess;
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so by hoping more, they have but less;
Or gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor, rich, gain.

The aim of all, is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth and ease in waining age:
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage:
As life for honour, in fell battles rage,
Honour for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in venturing all, we leave to be
The things we are, for that which we expect:
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doating *Tarquin* make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust:
And for himself, himself he must forsake;
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself, himself confounds, betrays,
To stand'rous tongues the wretched hateful lays?

50 TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
 When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
 No comfortable star did lend his light,
 No noise but owls, and wolves death-boding cries:
 Now serves the season, that they may surprize
 The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and still,
 Whilst lust and murder wakes to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leapt from his bed,
 Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm,
 Is madly tost between desire and dread;
 Th' one sweetly flatters, the other feareth harm:
 But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
 Doth too, too oft betake him to retire,
 Beaten away by brainsick rude desire.

His fauchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
 That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
 Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
 Which must be load-star to his lustful eye:
 And to the flame thus speaks advisedly;
 ' As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
 ' So *Lucrece* must I force to my desire.'

Here pale with fear, he doth premeditate
 The dangers of his loathsome enterprize;
 And in his inward mind he doth debate
 What following sorrow may on this arise:
 Then looking scornfully he doth despise
 His naked armour of still slaughter'd lust,
 And justly thus controuls his thoughts unjust.

Fair torch burn out thy light, and lend it not
 To darken her, whose light excelleth thine:
 And die unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
 With your uncleanness, that which is divine.
 Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
 Let fair humanity abhor the deed,
 That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

O shame to knighthood, and to shining arms!
 O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
 O impious act, including all foul harms!
 A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
 True valour still a true respect should have.
 Then my digression is so vile, so base,
 That it will live engraven in my face.

Yes, tho' I die, the scandal will survive,
 And be an eye-fore in my golden coat:
 Some loathsome dast the herald will contrive
 To cypher me how fondly I did dote:
 That my posterity shamed with the note,
 Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin,
 To wish that I their father had not been.

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
 A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy,
 Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week?
 Or sells eternity to get a toy?
 For one sweet grape, who will the vine destroy?
 Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
 Would with the scepter strait be stricken down?

If *Colatinus* dream of my intent,
 Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
 Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
 This siege, that hath ingirt his marriage,
 This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
 This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
 Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame.

O what excuse can my invention make,
 When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed!
 Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake?
 Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?
 The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed,
 And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
 But coward-like with trembling terror die.

Had *Colatinus* kill'd my son or fire,
 Or lain in ambush to betray my life;
 Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
 Might have excuse to work upon his wife;
 As in revenge or quital of such strife:
 But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
 The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shameful it is, if once the fact be known;
 Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving.
 I'll beg her love; but she is not her own:
 The worst is but denial, and reproving;
 My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
 Who fears a sentence, or an old man's faw,
 Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus (graceless) holds he disputation,
 'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will;
 And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
 Urging the worser sense for 'vantage still;
 Which in a moment doth confound and kill
 All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
 That what is vile shews like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, she took me kindly by the hand,
 And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
 Fearing some bad news from the warlike band,
 Where her beloved *Colatinus* lies.
 O how her fear did make her colour rise?
 First, red as roses, that on lawn we lay,
 Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

And now her hand in my hand being lock'd,
 Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear:
 Which strook her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
 Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
 Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
 That had *Narcissus* seen her as she stood,
 Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
 All orators are dumb, when beauty pleads.
 Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
 Love thrives not in the heart, that shadows dreads.
 Affection is my captain, and he leads;
 And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
 The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

Then childish fear avant! debating die!
 Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age!
 My heart shall never countermand mine eye,
 Sad pause and deep regard befits the sage;
 My part is youth, and beats these from the stage.
 Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
 Then who fears sinking, where such treasure lies.

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
 Is almost cloak'd by unresisted lust.
 Away he steals with open list'ning ear,
 Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust:
 Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
 So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
 That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
 And in the self-same seat sits *Colatine*,
 That eye which looks on her, confounds his wits;
 That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
 Unto a view so false will not incline:
 But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
 Which once corrupted takes the worser part.

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
 Who flatter'd by their leaders jocund show,
 Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
 And as their captain so their pride doth grow,
 Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
 By reprobate desire thus madly led,
 'The *Roman* lord doth march to *Lucrece*' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
 Each one by him enforc'd, recites his ward;
 But as they open, they all rate his ill,
 Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:
 The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
 Night-wand'ring weezles shriek to see him there,
 They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
 Thro' little vents and crannies of the place,
 The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
 And blows the smoke of it into his face,
 Extinguishing his conduct in this case.
 But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
 Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein the needle sticks;
 He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
 And griping it, the needle his finger pricks:
 As who should say, This glove to wanton tricks
 Is not inur'd; return again in haste,
 Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him,
 He in the worst sense construes their denial:
 The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
 He takes for accidental things of trial,
 Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial;
 Which with a lingring stay his course doth let,
 Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

So, so, quoth he, these lets attend the time,
 Like little frosts, that sometime threat the spring,
 To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
 And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.
 Pain pays the income of each precious thing; [lands,
 Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and
 The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought;
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited th' eternal power,
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour;
Even there he starts, quoth he, I must deslour!
The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act?

Then love and fortune be my gods, my guide,
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be try'd,
Black sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire, fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.

This said, the guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide;
The dove sleeps fast, that this night owl will catch:
Thus treason works ere traitors be espy'd.
Who sees the lurking serpent, steps aside;
But she sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed:
The curtains being close about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head,
By their high treason in his heart mislead;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand too soon,
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

56 TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

Look as the fair and fiery pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
That dazleth them, or else some shame suppos'd;
But blind they are, and keep themselves inclos'd.

O had they in that darksome prison died!
Then had they seen the period of their ill;
'Then *Colatine* again by *Lucrece*' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still.
But they must ope this blessed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted *Lucrece* to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheeks lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kifs;
Which therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his blifs:
Between whose hills, her head intombed is;
Where like a virtuous monument she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet, whose perfect white
Shew'd like an *April* dazy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes like marigolds had sheath'd their light,
And canopy'd in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair like golden threads play'd with her breath;
O modest wantons, wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality.
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered:
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in *Tarquin*, new ambition bred,
Who like a foul usurper went about,
From this fair throne to have the owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but strongly he desir'd?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doated,
And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.
With more than admiration he admir'd
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfy'd:
So o'er this sleeping soul doth *Tarquin* stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualify'd,
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,
His eye which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins.

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor childrens tears, nor mothers groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting.
Anon his beating heart alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye:
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoaking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breasts, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

58 TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

They must'ring to the quiet cabinet,
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries.
She much amaz'd breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes;
 Who peeping forth, this tumult to behold,
 Are by his flaming torch dim'd and controul'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,
Forth from dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she has beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking,
What terror 'tis: but she in worser taking,
 From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
 The sight, which makes supposed terror rue.

Wrapt and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies:
She dares not look, yet winking there appear
Quick shifting anticks ugly in her eyes,
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
 Who angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
 In darkness daunts them with more dreadful fights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,
(Rude ram! to batter such an ivory wall)
May feel her heart (poor citizen!) distress,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
 This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
 To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First like a trumpet doth his tongue begin
To found a parley to his heartless foe,
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this alarum to know,
Which he by dumb demeanor seeks to show;
 But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,
 Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: The colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale.
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort, the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestal thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath insnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer fought will all my might.
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty it was newly bred.

I see what crosses my attempts will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting.
All this before-hand counsel comprehends;
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends.
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And doats on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed:
But nothing can affection's course controul,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears insue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his *Roman* blade,
Which like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings shade,
Whose crooked beak threats, if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting fauchion lies
Harmless *Lucretia*, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowls hear falcon's bells;

60 TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee,
 If thou deny, then force must work my way;
 For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee:
 That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
 To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
 And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
 Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain
 The scornful mark of every open eye;
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
 Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy;
 And thou the author of their obloquy,
 Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
 And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend,
 The fault unknown is as a thought enacted;
 A little harm done to a great good end,
 For lawful policy remains enacted.
 The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
 In purest compounds; being so apply'd,
 His venom in effect is purify'd.

Then for thy husband and thy childrens' sake,
 Tender my suit, bequeath not to their lot
 The shame that from them no device can take,
 The blemish that will never be forgot,
 Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot:
 For marks described in mens nativity,
 Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.

Here with a cockatrice dead-killing eye,
 He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
 While she, the picture of true piety,
 Like a white hind beneath a gripe's sharp claws,
 Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
 To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
 Nor ought obeys but his foul appetite.

As when a black-fac'd cloud the world does threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountain hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle dust goes get,
Which blow these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindring their present fall by this dividing :
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody *Pluto* winks, while *Orpheus* plays.

Like foul night-waking cat he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth ;
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf, that e'en in plenty wanteth ;
His ear her prayer admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining ;
Tears harden lust, tho' marble wears with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face :
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,
And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty *Jove*,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath ;
By her untimely tears, her husband's love ;
By holy human law, and common troth ;
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both :
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended ;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee,
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended :
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended.
He is no woodman, that doth bend his bow,
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

62 TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me ;
 Thyself art mighty, for thy own sake leave me ;
 Myself a weakling, do not then insnare me ;
 Thou look'st not like deceit, do not deceive me ;
 My sighs like whirlwinds labour hence to heave thee.
 If ever man was mov'd with woman's moans,
 Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans.

All which together, like a troubled ocean.
 Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
 To soften it with their continual motion ;
 For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
 O ! if no harder than a stone thou art,
 Melt at my tears, and be compassionate !
 Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

In *Tarquin's* likeness I did entertain thee,
 Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame ?
 To all the host of heaven I complain me ;
 'Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name ;
 'Thou art not what thou seem'st ; and if the same,
 Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king ;
 For kings, like gods, should govern every thing.

How will thy shame be seed'd in thine age,
 When thus thy vices bud before thy spring ?
 If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
 What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king ?
 O ! be remember'd, no outrageous thing
 From vassal actors can be wip'd away,
 Then kings misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deed shall make thee only lov'd for fear,
 But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love :
 With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
 When they in thee the like offences prove :
 If but for fear of this, thy will remove.
 For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
 Where subjects eyes do learn, do read, do look.

And wilt thou be the school where lust shall learn ?
 Must he in thee read lectures of such shame ?
 Wilt thou be glafs, wherein it shall discern
 Authority for sin, warrant for blame ?
 To privilege dishonour in thy name,
 Thou back'ft reproach against long-living laud,
 And mak'ft fair reputation but a bawd.

Hast thou commanded ? By him that gave it thee,
 From a pure heart command thy rebel will :
 Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
 For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
 Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
 When pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say,
 He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way ?

Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
 To view thy present trespass in another :
 Mens faults do seldom to themselves appear,
 Their own transgressions partially they smother ;
 This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
 O ! how are they wrapt in with infamies,
 That from their own misdeeds askaunce their eyes !

To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
 Not to seducing lust's outrageous fire ;
 I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal,
 Let him return and flattering thoughts retire.
 His true respect will prison false desire,
 And wipe the dim mist from thy doating eyne,
 That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine.

Have done, quoth he, my uncontrouled tide
 Turns not, but swells the higher by this let ;
 Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
 And with the wind in greater fury fret :
 The petty streams that pay a daily debt
 To their salt sovereign with their fresh false haste,
 Add to his flow, but alter not the taste.

64 TARQUIN AND LUCRÈCE.

Thou art (quoth she) a sea, a sovereign king,
And lo! there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills should change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle womb is burst,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;
Thou loathed in thy shame, they in their pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide.
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts low vassals to thy state.—
No more, quoth he, by heaven I will not hear thee:
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee:
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf has seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries,
Till with her own white fleece her voice controul'd,
Intombs her outcry in her lips sweet fold.

For with the nightly linen, that she wears,
He pens her piteous clamours in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears,
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O that foul lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof, could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
 And he hath won what he would lose again ;
 'This forced league doth force a further strife,
 This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
 This hot desire converts to cold disdain.
 Pure chastity is rifed of her store,
 And lust, the thief, far purer than before.

Look as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
 Unapt for tender smell, or speedy flight,
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
 The prey wherein by nature they delight :
 So surfeit-taking *Tarquin* fears this night ;
 His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
 Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O ! deeper sin, than bottomless conceit
 Can comprehend in still imagination !
 Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,
 Ere he can see his own abomination.
 While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
 Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
 Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
 Feeble desire all recreant, poor and meek,
 Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case :
 The flesh being proud, desire does fight with grace.
 For there it revels, and when that decays,
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this fault-full lord of *Rome*,
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd :
 For now against himself he sounds this doom,
 That thro' the length of time he stands disgrac'd :
 Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd ;
 To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
 To ask the spotted princess how she fares,

66 TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death, and pain perpetual :
 Which in her prescience she controuled still,
 But her foresight could not forestall their will.

E'en in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor, that hath lost in gain :
Bearing away the wound, that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain :
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
 She bears the load of lust he left behind,
 And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence,
She like a weary'd lamb lies panting there :
He scowls and hates himself for his offence,
She desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear :
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear :
 She stays exclaiming on the direful night,
 He runs and chides his vanish'd loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite ;
She there remains a hopeless cast-away :
He in his speed looks for the morning light ;
She prays she never may behold the day :
For day (quoth she) night-scapes doth open lay ;
 And my true eyes have never practis'd how
 To cloke offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold ;
And therefore would they still in darkness lie,
To have their unseen sin remain untold.
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
 And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
 Upon their cheeks what helpless shame they feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind :
 She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
 And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
 Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.
 Frantic with grief, thus breathes she forth her spight
 Against the unseen secrecy of night.

O comfort-killing night ! image of hell !
 Dim register ! and notary of shame !
 Black stage for tragedies ! and murders fell !
 Vast sin-concealing chaos ! nurse of blame !
 Blind muffled bawd ! dark harbour of defame !
 Grim cave of death ! whispering conspirator
 With close-tongued treason and the ravisher !

O hateful, vaporous, and foggy night !
 Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
 Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
 Make war against proportion'd course of time :
 Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
 His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
 Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps ravish the morning air,
 Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
 The life of purity, the supreme fair,
 Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick :
 And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
 That in their smoaky ranks his smother'd light
 May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were *Tarquin* night, as he is but night's child,
 The silver-shining queen him would disdain ;
 Her twinkling handmaids too (by him defil'd)
 Thro' night's black bosom should not peep again.
 So should I have copartners in my pain :
 And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
 As palmers, that make short their pilgrimage.

68 TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

Where now ? have I no one to blush with me ?
 To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine ;
 To mask their brows, and hide their infamy.
 But I alone, alone must sit and pine ;
 Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine ;
 Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
 Poor waiting monuments of lasting moans.

O night ! thou furnace of foul-recking smoke !
 Let not the jealous day behold that face,
 Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloke
 Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace.
 Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
 That all the faults, which in thy reign are made,
 May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade.

Make me not object to the tell-tale day ;
 The light shall shew, character'd in my brow,
 The story of sweet chastity's decay,
 The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow.
 Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
 To cypher what is writ in learned books,
 Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
 And fright her crying babe with *Tarquin's* name :
 The orator, to deck his oratory,
 Will couple my reproach to *Tarquin's* shame.
 Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
 Will tye the hearers to attend each line,
 How *Tarquin* wronged me, I *Colatine*,

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
 For *Colatine's* dear love be kept unspotted ;
 If that be made a theme for disputation,
 The branches of another root are rotted,
 And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,
 That is as clear from this attaint of mine,
 As I, ere this, was pure to *Colatine*.

O unseen shame! invisible disgrace;
 O unfelt fore! crest wounding private scar!
 Reproach is stamp'd in *Colatinus'* face,
 And *Tarquin's* eye may read the mote afar,
 How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
 Alas! how many bear such shameful blows,
 Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows?

If, *Colatine*, thine honour lay in me,
 From me by strong assault it is bereft:
 My honey lost, and I a drone-like bee,
 Have no perfection of my summer left,
 But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
 In thy weak hive a wand'ring wasp hath crept,
 And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wreck?
 Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
 Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
 For it had been dishonour to disdain him.
 Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
 And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd for evil;
 When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
 Or hateful cuckows hatch in sparrows nests?
 Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
 Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
 Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
 But no perfection is so absolute,
 That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man, that coffers up his gold,
 Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits;
 And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold:
 But still like pining *Tantalus* he sits,
 And useless bans the harvest of his wits.
 Having no other pleasure of his gain,
 But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

68 TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

Where now ? have I no one to blush with me ?
 To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine ;
 To mask their brows, and hide their infamy.
 But I alone, alone must sit and pine ;
 Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine ;
 Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
 Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

O night ! thou furnace of foul-recking smoke !
 Let not the jealous day behold that face,
 Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloke
 Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace.
 Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
 That all the faults, which in thy reign are made,
 May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade.

Make me not object to the tell-tale day ;
 The light shall shew, character'd in my brow,
 The story of sweet chastity's decay,
 The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow.
 Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
 To cypher what is writ in learned books,
 Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
 And fright her crying babe with *Tarquin's* name :
 The orator, to deck his oratory,
 Will couple my reproach to *Tarquin's* shame.
 Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
 Will tye the hearers to attend each line,
 How *Tarquin* wronged me, I *Colatine*.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
 For *Colatine's* dear love be kept unspotted ;
 If that be made a theme for disputation,
 The branches of another root are rotted,
 And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,
 That is as clear from this attain of mine,
 As I, ere this, was pure to *Colatine*.

O unseen shame! invisible disgrace;
 O unfelt sore! crest wounding private scar!
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 And *Tarquin's* eye may read the mote afar,
 How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
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 Having no other pleasure of his gain,
 But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

70 TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young,
Who in their pride do presently abuse it :
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed blessed fortune long.

The sweets we wish for, turn to loathed fours,
E'en in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring ;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers ;
The adder hisseth where the sweet birds sing ;
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours :
We have no good, that we can say is ours.
But ill annexed opportunity,
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

O ! opportunity ! thy guilt is great :
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason :
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get,
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season ;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason :
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy her,
Sits sin to seize the souls that wander by her.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath ;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd ;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth :
Thou foul abettor, thou notorious bawd !
Thou plantest scandal, and displaceth laud.
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief !
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief.

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame ;
Thy private feasting to a public fast ;
Thy smothering titles to a ragged name ;
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste ;
Thy violent vanities can never last.

How comes it, then, vile opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee ?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend?
 And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
 When wilt thou fort an hour great strifes to end?
 Or free that soul, which wretchedness hath chain'd?
 Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?
 The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee,
 But they ne'er met with opportunity.

The patient dies, while the physician sleeps;
 The orphan pines, while the oppressor feeds;
 Justice is feasting, while the widow weeps;
 Advice is sporting while infection breeds;
 Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds.
 Wrath, envy, treason, rape and murder rages,
 Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When truth and virtue have to do with thee,
 A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
 They buy thy help: but sin n'er gives a fee,
 He gratis comes, and thou art well apaid,
 As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
 My *Colatine* would else have come to me,
 When *Tarquin* did, but he was staid by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
 Guilty of perjury and subornation;
 Guilty of treason, forgery and shift;
 Guilty of incest, that abomination:
 An accessory by thine inclination
 To all sins past, and all that are to come,
 From the creation to the general doom.

Mishapen time, copefmate of ugly night;
 Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care;
 Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
 Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
 Thou nurfest all, and murderest all that are.
 O hear me then, injurious shifting time!
 Be guilty of my death, since of my crime,

Why hath thy servant opportunity,
 Betrayed the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
 Cancell'd my fortunes, and inchained me
 To endless date of never-ending woes?
 Time's office is to find the hate of foes,
 To eat up error by opinion bred,
 Not spend the dow'ry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings;
 To unmask falshood, and bring truth to light;
 To stamp the seal of time on aged things;
 To wake the morn, and centinel the night;
 To wrong the wronger, till he render right;
 To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
 And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments;
 To feed oblivion with decay of things;
 To blot old books, and alter their contents;
 To pluck the quills from ancient ravens wings;
 To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;
 To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
 And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel:

To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter;
 To make the child a man, the man a child;
 To slay the tyger, that doth live by slaughter;
 To tame the unicorn and lion wild;
 To mock the subtle in themselves beguil'd;
 To chear the plowman with increaseful crops,
 And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
 Unless thou could'st return to make amends?
 One poor retiring minute, in an age,
 Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
 Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends.
 O, this dread night! would'st thou one hour come back,
 I could prevent this storm, and shun this wrack.

Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
 With some mischance cross *Tarquin* in his flight;
 Devise extremes beyond extremity,
 To make him curse this cursed crimeful night;
 Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,
 And the dire thought of his committed evil
 Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances;
 Afflict him in his bed with bed-rid groans:
 Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
 To make him moan, but pity not his moans:
 Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones,
 And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
 Wilder to him than tygers in their wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair;
 Let him have time against himself to rave;
 Let him have time of time's help to despair;
 Let him have time to live a loathed slave;
 Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
 And time to see one, that by alms does live,
 Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
 And merry fools to mock at him resort:
 Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
 In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
 His time of folly, and his time of sport:
 And ever let his unrecalling time
 Have time to wail th' abusing of his time.

O time! thou tutor both to good and bad!
 Teach me to curse him, that thou taught'st this ill;
 At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
 Himself, himself seek every hour to kill;
 Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill!
 For who so base would such an office have,
 As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave?

74 TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate;
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing,
That makes him honoured, or begets him hate:
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded, presently is mist,¹
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The crow may bathe his cole-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day,
Gnats are unnoted wherefoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

O idle words! servants to shallow fools;
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators;
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools:
Debate where leisure serves, with dull debators:
To trembling clients be their mediators.
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past all help of law.

In vain I rail at opportunity,
At time, at *Tarquin*, and unsearchful night!
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despight:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right,
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul defiled blood.

Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself, to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee:
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame;
Since thou could'st not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.

This said, from her betumbled couch she starts,
To find some desperate instrument of death.
But this no slaughter-house, no tool imparts,
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which thronging thro' her lips so vanisheth,
As smoke from *Ætna*, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

In vain (quoth she) I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life:
I fear'd by *Tarquin's* faulchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife;
So am I now: O no! that cannot be;
Of that true type hath *Tarquin* rifled me.

O! that is gone, for which I fought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die;
To clear this spot by death (at least) I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery,
A dying life to living infamy!
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay.

Well, well, dear *Colatine*, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath:
This bastard grass shall never come to growth;
He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,
That thou art doating father of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my first offence.

76 TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

I will not poison thee with my attain,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all, mine eyes like sluices,
As from a mountain spring, that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams, to purge my impure tale.

By this, lamenting *Philomel* had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow;
And solemn night with slow sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when lo! the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes, that light would borrow.
But cloudy *Lucrece* shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day thro' every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks! O! eye of eyes!
Why pry'st thou thro' my window? leave thy peeping,
Mock with thy tickling beams, eyes that are sleeping:
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath rought to do what's done by night.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
'True grief is fond, and testy as a child,
Who way-ward once, his mood with nought agrees;
Old woes, not infant sorrows bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one, the other wild,
Like an unpractis'd swimmer, plunging still,
With too much labour, drowns for want of skill.

So she deep drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views;
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews,
And as one shifts, another strait ensues:
Sometimes her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometimes 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
 Make her moans mad, with their sweet melody.
 For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
 Sad souls are slain in merry company;
 Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society.
 True sorrow then is feelingly surpriz'd,
 When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
 He ten times pines, that pines beholding food:
 To see the salve, doth make the wound ake more;
 Great grief grieves most at that will do it good;
 Deep woes roll forward, like a gentle flood,
 Which being stopt, the bounden banks o'erflows;
 Grief dally'd with, nor law, nor limit knows.

You mocking birds, quoth she, your tunes intomb
 Within your hollow swelling feather'd breasts;
 And in my hearing be you ever dumb,
 My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
 A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests.
 Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears,
 Distress likes dumps, when time is kept with tears.

Come *Philomel*, thou sing'st of ravishment,
 Make thy sad grove in my dishevel'd hair.
 As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
 So let each sad strain will strain my tear,
 And with deep groans the *Diapason* bear:
 For burden-wise I'll hum on *Tarquin* still,
 While thou on *Tereus* descants better skill.

And while against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
 To keep thy sharp woes waking; wretched I,
 To imitate thee well, against my heart
 Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye,
 Who if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
 These means, as frets upon an instrument,
 Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

78 TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
 As shaming any eye should thee behold ;
 Some dark deep desert seated from the way,
 That knows not parching heat, nor freezing cold,
 We will find out ; and there we will unfold
 To creatures stern, sad tunes to change their kinds ;
 Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
 Wildly determining which way to fly ;
 Or once compass'd with a winding maze,
 That cannot tread the way out readily :
 So with herself is she in mutiny,
 To live or die, which of the twain were better,
 When life is sham'd, and death reproaches debtor.

To kill myself, quoth she, alack ! what were it,
 But with my body my poor soul's pollution ?
 They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
 Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
 That mother tries a merciless conclusion,
 Who having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
 Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My body or my soul, which was the dearer ?
 When the one pure, the other made divine,
 Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
 When both were kept from heaven and *Colatine* ?
 Ah me ! the bark peal'd from the lofty pine,
 His leaves will wither, and his sap decay ;
 So must my soul, her bark being peal'd away.

Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted ?
 Her mansion batter'd by the enemy ;
 Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
 Grossly ingirt with daring infamy.
 Then let it not be call'd impiety,
 If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole,
 'Thro' which I may convey this troubled soul.

Yet die I will not, till my *Colatine*,
Have heard the cause of my untimely death :
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath :
My stained blood to *Tarquin* I bequeath,
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due, writ in my testament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife,
That wounds my body so dishonoured :
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life :
The one will live, the other being dead.
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred ;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn,
My shame so dead, my honour is new born.

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee ?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be.
How *Tarquin* must be us'd, read it in me :
Myself thy friend will kill myself thy foe ;
And for my sake serve thou false *Tarquin* so.

This brief abridgement of my will I make :
My soul and body to the skies and ground :
My resolution (husband) do you take ;
My honour be the knife's that makes my wound ;
My shame be his, that did my fame confound ;
And all my fame that lives disbursed be
To those that live and think no shame of me.

When *Colatine* shall oversee this will,
How was I overseen, that thou shalt see it ?
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, So be it :
Yield to my hand, and that shall conquer thee ;
Thou dead, that dies, and both shall victors be.

80 TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

This plot of death, when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untun'd tongue she hoarsly call'd her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies,
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor *Lucrece*' cheeks unto her maid seem so,
As winter meads, when sun does melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft slow tongue, true mark of modesty;
And forts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
(For why, her face wore sorrow's livery).
But durst not ask of her audaciously,
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so;
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;
E'en so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky;
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling;
One justly weeps, the other takes in hand
No cause, but company of her drops spilling:
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;
Grieving themselves to guess at other smarts;
And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore they are form'd as marble will:
The weak oppress'd, th' impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill.
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

TARQUIN AND LUCRECE. 11

Their smoothness, like an even champain plain,
 Lays open all the little worms that creep.
 In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
 Cave-keeping evils, that obscurely sleep:
 Thro' crystal walls each little mote will peep.
 Tho' men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
 Poor womens faces are their own faults books.

No man inveighs against the wither'd flower,
 But chides rough winter, that the flower has kill'd:
 Not that's devour'd, but that which doth devour,
 Is worthy blame: O let it not be held
 Poor womens faults that they are so fulfill'd
 With mens abuses; those proud lords, to blame,
 Make weak mad women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in *Lucrece* view,
 Affail'd by night with circumstances strong
 Of present death, and shame that might ensue,
 By that her death to do her husband wrong:
 Such danger to resistance did belong.
 The dying fear thro' all her body spread,
 And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this mild patience did fair *Lucrece* speak
 To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
 My girl, quoth she, on what occasion break
 Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
 If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
 Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood;
 If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went (and there she staid,
 Till after a deep groan) *Tarquin* from hence?
 Madam, ere I was up (reply'd the maid)
 The more to blame, my sluggard negligence;
 Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
 Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
 And ere I rose, was *Tarquin* gone away.

32 TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

But lady, if your maid may be so bold,
 She would request to know your heaviness.
 O peace (quoth *Lucrece*) if it should be told,
 The repetition cannot make it less;
 For more it is, than I can well express:
 And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
 When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen;
 Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
 (What should I say?) One of my husband's men
 Bid thou be ready, by and by to bear
 A letter to my lord, my love, my dear;
 Bid him with speed prepare to carry it,
 The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
 First hovering o'er the paper with her quill;
 Conceit and grief an eager combat fight,
 What wit sets down, is blotted still with will;
 This is too curious good, this blunt and ill:
 Much like a press of people at a door,
 Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: Thou worthy lord
 Of that unworthy wife, that greeteth thee,
 Health to thy person; next vouchsafe t'afford
 (If ever, love, thy *Lucrece* thou wilt see)
 Some present speed to come and visit me:
 So I commend me from our house in grief,
 My woes are tedious, tho' my words are brief.

Here folds she up the tenor of her woe,
 Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly:
 By this short schedule *Celatine* may know
 Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
 She dares not therefore make discovery,
 Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
 Ere she with blood had stain'd her strain'd excuse.

Besides the life and feeling of her passion,
 She hoards to spend, when he is by to hear her;
 When sighs, and groans, and tears may grace the fashion
 Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
 From that suspicion which the world might bear her:
 To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
 With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights, moves more than hear them told;
 For then the eye interprets to the ear
 The heavy motion that it doth behold:
 When every part a part of woe doth bear,
 'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear.
 Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
 And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
 At *Ardea* to my lord with more than haste;
 The post attends, and she delivers it,
 Charging the four-fac'd groom to hie as fast,
 As lagging souls before the northern blast.
 Speed, more than speed, but dull and slow she deems,
 Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain curtsies to her low,
 And blushing on her with a stedfast eye,
 Receives the scroll without or yea or no;
 For outward bashful innocence doth fly.
 But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,
 Imagine every eye beholds their blame,
 For *Lucrece* thought he blush'd to see her shame.

When silly groom (God wot) it was defect
 Of spirit, life, and bold audacity;
 Such harmless creatures have a true respect
 To talk in deeds, while others faucily
 Promise more speed, but do it leisurely.
 Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
 Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

84 TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
 That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd.
 She thought he blush'd as knowing *Tarquin's* lust,
 And blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd,
 Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd:
 The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
 The more she thought he spy'd in her some blemish,

But long she thinks till he return again,
 And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone:
 The weary time she cannot entertain,
 For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan.
 So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
 That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
 Pausing for means to moan some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
 Of skilful painting made for *Priam's* *Troy*,
 Before the which is drawn the power of *Greece*,
 For *Helen's* rape the city to destroy.
 Threatening cloud-kissing *Ilion* with annoy;
 Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
 As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
 In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life;
 Many a dire drop seem'd a weeping tear,
 Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife.
 The red blood reek'd to shew the painter's strife.
 And dying eyes gleem'd forth their ashy lights,
 Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
 Begrim'd with sweat; and smeared all with dust;
 And from the towers of *Troy*, there wou'd appear
 The very eyes of men thro' loop-holes thrust,
 Gazing upon the *Greeks* with little lust.
 Such sweet observance in the work was had,
 That one might see those far-off eyes look sad,

In great commanders, grace and majesty
 You might behold triumphing in their faces :
 In youth quick-bearing and dexterity :
 And here and there the painter interlaces
 Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces :
 Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
 That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In *Ajax* and *Ulysses*, O ! what art
 Of Physiognomy might one behold !
 The face of either cypher'd either's heart ;
 Their face, their manners most expressly told.
 In *Ajax*' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd ;
 But the mild glance that the *Ulysses* lent,
 Shew'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave *Nestor* stand,
 As 'twere encouraging the *Greeks* to fight,
 Making such sober actions with his hand,
 That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight :
 In speech it seem'd his beard, all silver white,
 Wag'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
 Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
 Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice ;
 All jointly list'ning, but with several graces,
 As if some mermaid did their ears entice ;
 Some high, some low, the painter was so nice.
 The scalps of many almost hid behind,
 To jump up higher seem'd to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
 His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear ;
 Here one being throng'd, bears back all swollen and red ;
 Another smother'd, seems to pelt and swear,
 And in their rage, (such signs of rage they bear,)
 As but for loss of *Nestor*'s golden words,
 It seems they would debate with angry swords.

36 TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

For much imaginary work was there;
 Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
 That for *Achilles'* image stood his spear,
 Grip'd in an armed hand; himself behind
 Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
 A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
 -Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong besieged *Troy*,
 When there brave hope, bold *Hector*, march'd to field,
 Stood many *Trojan* mothers, sharing joy
 To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
 And to their hope they such odd action yield,
 That thro' their light joy seem'd to appear,
 (Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of *Dardan*, where they fought
 To *Simois'* reedy banks the red blood ran;
 Whose waves to imitate the battle fought
 With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
 To break upon the galled shore, and then
 Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
 They join, and shoot their foam at *Simois'* banks.

To this well-painted piece is *Lucrece* come
 To find a face where all distress is stell'd;
 Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
 But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
 Till she despairing *Hecuba* beheld,
 Staring on *Priam's* wounds with her old eyes,
 Who bleeding under *Pyrchus'* proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
 Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign;
 Her cheeks with chops and wrinkles were disguis'd;
 Of what she was, no semblance did remain;
 Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein:
 Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
 Shew'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow *Lucrece* spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes ;
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes.
The painter was no god to lend her those ;
And therefore *Lucrece* swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

Poor instrument (quoth she) without a sound !
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue ;
And drop sweet balm in *Priam's* painted wound,
And rail on *Pyrrhus*, that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench *Troy*, that burns so long ;
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the *Greeks*, that are thine enemies.

Shew me this strumpet, that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear :
Thy heat of lust, fond *Paris*, did incur
This load of wrath, that burning *Troy* did bear ;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here :
And here in *Troy*, for trespass of thine eye,
The fire, the son, the dame and daughter die.

Why should the private pleasure of some one,
Become the public plague of many more ?
Let sin alone committed, light alone
Upon his head, that hath transgressed so.
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe.
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general ?

Lo ! here weeps *Hecuba*, here *Priam* dies !
Here manly *Hector* faints, here *Troilus* sounds !
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies !
And friend to friend give unadvised wounds !
And one man's lust these many lives confounds !
Had doating *Priam* check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

33 TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

Here feelingly she weeps *Troy's* painted woes :
 For sorrow, like a heavy hanging bell,
 Once set a ringing, with his own weight goes ;
 Then little strength rings out the doleful knell.
 So *Lucrece* set a-work, sad tales doth tell
 To pencil'd pensiveness, and colour'd sorrow ;
 She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painted round,
 And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament :
 At last she sees a wretched image bound,
 That piteous looks to *Phrygian* shepherds lent ;
 His face, tho' full of cares, yet shew'd content.
 Onward to *Troy* with these blunt swains he goes,
 So mild, that patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill,
 To hide deceit, and give the harmless show,
 An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
 A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe ;
 Cheeks, neither red, nor pale, but mingled so,
 That blushing red, no guilty instance gave,
 Nor ashy pale, the fear that false hearts have.

But like a constant and confirmed devil,
 He entertain'd a show so seeming just ;
 And therein so inscon'd this secret evil,
 That jealousy itself could not mistrust,
 False creeping craft and perjury should thrust,
 Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
 Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd woman this vile image drew
 For perjur'd *Sinon*, whose enchanting story
 The credulous old *Priam* after flew ;
 Whose words like wild-fire burnt the shining glory,
 Of rich *Ilion* ; that the skies were sorry,
 And little stars shot from their fixed places.
 When their glass fell wherein they viewed their faces,

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wond'rous skill :
Saying, some shape in *Sinon's* was abus'd,
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill :
And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spy'd,
That she concludes the picture was bely'd.

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much guile,
She would have said, can lurk in such a look ;
But *Tarquin's* shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, *can lurk*, from *cannot* took :
It cannot be, she in that sense forfook,
And turn'd it thus: it *cannot* be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind.

For ev'n as subtle *Sinon* here is painted,
So sober sad, so weary and so mild,
(As if with grief or travel he had fainted)
To me came *Tarquin* armed, so beguil'd
With outward honesty, but yet deil'd
With inward vice: as *Priam* him did cherish,
So did I *Tarquin*, so my *Troy* did perish.

Look, look how list'ning *Priam* wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that *Sinon* sheds !
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise ?
For every tear he falls, a *Trojan* bleeds :
His eyes drop fire, no water thence proceeds.
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell,
For *Sinon* in his fire doth quake for cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell ;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold :
So *Priam's* trust false *Sinon's* tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his *Troy* with water,

Here all inrag'd such passion her assails,
 That patience is quite beaten from her breast;
 She tears the senseless *Sinox* with her nails,
 Comparing him to that unhappy guest,
 Whose deed hath made herself herself detest.
 At last she smilingly with this gives o'er,
 Fool! fool! quoth she, his wounds will not be sore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
 And time doth weary time with her complaining:
 She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
 And both she thinks too long with her remaining:
 Short time seems long, in sorrow's sharp sustaining.
 Tho' woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,
 And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps,

Which all this time hath over-slipt her thought,
 That she with painted images hath spent,
 Being from the feeling of her own grief brought,
 By deep surmise of others detriment,
 Loosing her woes in shews of discontent.
 It easeth some, tho' none it ever cur'd,
 To think their doleour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger comes back,
 Brings home his lord, and other company;
 Who finds his *Lucrece* clad in mourning black,
 And round about her tear-distained eye
 Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.
 These watergalls, in her dim element,
 Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad beholding husband saw,
 Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
 Her eyes, tho' sod in tears, look red and raw,
 Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares,
 He has no power to ask her how she fares,
 But stood like old acquaintance in a trance;
 Met far from home, wond'ring each other's chance.

TARQUIN AND LUCRECE. 91

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd, to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares, to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe:
While *Colatine*, and his comforted lords,
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her wat'ry nest,
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending.
Few words, quoth she, shall fit the trespass best,
Wherein no excuse can give the fault amending;
In me more woes than words are now depending:
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the task it hath to say,
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay,
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul inforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! thy *Lucrece* is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining fauchion in my chamber, came
A creeping creature with a flaming light,
And softly cry'd Awake, thou *Roman* dame!
And entertain my love, else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

192 TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder strait, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you, where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust; and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he sets his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word:
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty *Rome*,
'Th'adult'rate death of *Lucrece* and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
(And far the weaker with so strong a fear)
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak,
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear,
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner

Oh! teach me how to make mine own excuse,
Or at the least, this refuge let me find;
Tho' my gross blood be stain'd with this offence,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forc'd, that never was inclin'd
To accessory yieldings: but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.

Lo! here the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head inclin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe;
With sad set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away, that stops his answer so.
But wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again:

As through an arch, the violent roaring tide
Out-runs the eye, that doth behold his haste;
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast;
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage being past:
Even so his sighs, his sorrows make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his, poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power, no flood my raining slacketh;
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling painful; let it then suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy *Lucrece*—now attend me,
Be suddenly revenged on my foe;
Thine, mine, his own; suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past, the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die,
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

But ere I name, you fair lords, quoth she,
(Speaking to those that came with *Colatine*)
Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine:
For 'tis a meritorious fair design,
To chase injustice with revengeful arms,
Knights by their oaths should right poor ladies harms;

At this request, with noble disposition,
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewrayed:
But she that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. O speak, quoth she,
How may this forced stain be wiped from me?

94 TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

What is the quality of my offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again,
And why not I, from this compelled stain?

With this they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain the mind untainted clears,
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune carved in with tears.
No, no, quoth she, no dame hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuses giving.

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth *Tarquin's* name. He, he, she says:
But more, than he, her poor tongue could not speak,
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this, He, he, fair lord, 'tis he
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed,
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged sprite, and thro' her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood *Colatine* and all his lordly crew,
Till *Lucrece's* father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw:
And from the purple fountain *Brutus* drew
The murd'rous knife, and as it left the place,
Her blood, in pure revenge, held it in chase.

And bubbling from her breast it doth divide
 In two flow rivers, that the crimson blood
 Circles her body in on every side;
 Who like a late sack'd island vastly stood
 Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
 Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd.
 And some look'd black, and that false *Tarquin* stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
 Of that black-blood, a watry rigol goes,
 Which seems to weep upon the tainted place;
 And ever since, as pitying *Lucrece*' woes,
 Corrupted blood some wat'ry token shows:
 And blood untainted still doth red abide,
 Blushing at that which is so putrify'd.

Daughter, dear daughter, old *Lucretius* cries,
 That life was mine, which thou hast here depriv'd;
 If in the child the father's image lies,
 Where shall I live, now *Lucrece* is unliv'd,
 Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
 If children predecease progenitors,
 We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glafs, I often did behold
 In thy sweet semblance, my old age new-born;
 But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and cold,
 Shews me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn:
 O! from my cheeks my image thou hast torn!
 And shiver'd all the beauty from my glafs,
 That I no more can see what once I was.

O! time! cease thou thy course, and haste no longer,
 If thou surcease to be that should survive:
 Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
 And leave the fault'ring feeble souls alive?
 The old bees die, the young possess their hive;
 Then live, sweet *Lucrece*, live again and see
 Thy father die, and not thy father thee.

96 TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

By this starts *Colatine* as from a dream,
And bids *Lucretius* give his sorrow place:
And then in clay-cold *Lucrece*' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space:
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who made that sorrow should his use controul,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
He 'gins to talk; but thro' his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid,
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime *Tarquin* was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if his name he tore:
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide to make it more.
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
Then son and father weep with equal strife,
Who should weep most for daughter, or wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his;
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says, she's mine; O mine she is,
Replies her husband; do not take away
My sorrows interest, let no mourner say,
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by *Colatine*.

O! quoth *Lucretius*, I did give that life,
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.
Wo! wo! quoth *Colatine*, she was my wife,
I own'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.
My daughter and my wife with clamours fill'd
The disperst air, who holding *Lucrece*' life,
Answer'd their cries, my daughter and my wife.

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from *Lucrece*'s side,
 Seeing such emulation in their woe,
 Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
 Burying in *Lucrece*'s wound his follies show :
 He with the *Romans* was esteemed so,
 As silly jeering ideots are with kings,
 For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
 Wherein true policy did him disguise,
 And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
 To check the tears in *Colatinus*' eyes,
 Thou wronged lord of *Rome*, quoth he, arise ;
 Let my unfounded self, suppos'd a fool,
 Now set thy long experienc'd wit to school.

Why, *Colatine*, is woe the cure for woe ?
 Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds ?
 Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
 For his foul act, by whom thy fair wife bleeds ?
 Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds ;
 Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
 To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

Courageous *Roman*, do not steep thy heart,
 In such lamenting dew of lamentations ;
 But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
 To rouse our *Roman* gods with invocations,
 That they will suffer these abominations
 (Since *Rome* herself in them doth stand disgrac'd)
 By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chas'd.

Now by the capitol that we adore !
 And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd !
 By heaven's fair sun, that breeds the fat earth's store !
 By all our country rites in *Rome* maintain'd !
 And by chaste *Lucrece*'s soul, that late complain'd
 Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife !
 We will revenge the death of this true wife.

98 TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

This said, he stroke his hand upon his breast,
 And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow :
 And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
 Who wondring at him did his words allow :
 Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow,
 And that deep vow which *Brutus* made before,
 He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
 They did conclude to bear dead *Lucrece* thence,
 To shew the bleeding body throughout *Rome*,
 And so to publish *Tarquin's* foul offence.
 Which being done with speedy diligence,
 The *Romans* plausibly did give consent
 To *Tarquin's* everlasting banishment.

P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

H 2

P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

The Glory of Beauty.

A H wherefore with infection should he live ?
 And with his presence grace impiety ?
 That sin by him advantage should atchieve,
 And lace itself with his society ?
 Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
 And steal dead seeing of his living hue ?
 Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
 Roses of shadow, since his rose is true ?
 Why should he live, now nature bankrupt is,
 Beggar'd of blood, to blush thro' lively veins ?
 For he hath no exchequer now but his,
 And proud of many, lives upon his gains.
 O ! him she stores, to show what wealth she had,
 In days long since, before these last so bad.

H 3

This

This is his cheek, the map of days, out-worn,
 When beauty liv'd and dy'd as flowers do now ;
 Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow :
 Before the golden tresses of the dead,
 The right of sepulchers, were shorn away,
 To live a second life on second head,
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.
 In him those holy antique hours are seen,
 Without all ornament itself, and true,
 Making no summer of another's green,
 Robbing no old, to dress his beauty new :
 And him as for a map doth nature store,
 To show false art what beauty was of yore.

Those parts of thee, that the world's eye doth view,
 Want nothing, that the thought of hearts can mend :
 All tongues, (the voice of souls) give thee thy due,
 Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
 Their outward thus with outward praise is crown'd,
 But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,
 In other accents do this praise confound,
 By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
 They look into the beauty of thy mind,
 And that in guess they measure by thy deeds ;
 Then their churl thoughts (altho' their eyes were kind)
 To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds.
 But why ? thy odour matcheth not thy show,
 The toil is this, that thou dost common grow.

Injurious Time.

Like as the waves make towards the pibbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end :
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
 Nativity once in the main of light,
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.

Time

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
And yet to times, in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

Against my love shall be as I am now,
With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn ;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles ; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vanishing, or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring :
For such a time do I now fortify,
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

When I have seen, by time's fell hand defac'd,
The rich proud cost of out-worn bury'd age :
When sometimes lofty towers I see down raz'd,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay :
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat,
That time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot chuse
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power :
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?

O! how shall summer's hungry breath hold out
 Against the wrackful siege of battering days;
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
 O! fearful mediation! where, alack!
 Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?
 Or what strong hand can hold this swift foot back,
 Or who his spoil on beauty can forbid?
 O! none! unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

Tir'd with all these, for restless death I cry;
 As to behold desert a beggar born,
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
 And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,
 And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,
 And folly (doctor-like) controuling skill,
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
 And captive good attending captain ill:
 Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
 Save that to die, I leave my love alone.

True Admiration.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
 Since every one, hath every one, one shade,
 And you but one, can every shadow lend?
 Describe *Adonis*, and the counterfeit
 Is poorly imitated after you;
 Can *Helen's* check all art of beauty set,
 And you in *Grecian* tires are painted new.
 Speak of the spring and foyzen of the year,
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other as your bounty doth appear,
 And you in every blessed shape we know:

In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

O! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour, which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfum'd tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But for their virtue's only in their show,
They live unmov'd, and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves: sweet roses do not so,
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, by verse distils your truth.

The Force of Love.

Being your slave, what should I do, but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire,
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do till you require:
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end-hour,
Whilst I (my sovereign) watch the clock for you;
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
When you have bid your servant once adieu.
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose;
But like a sad slave stay, and think of nought,
Save where you are: how happy you make those!
So true a fool is love, that in your will,
(Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

That god forbid, that made me first your slave,
I should in thought controul your times of pleasure;
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure.
O let me suffer (being at your beck)
Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty;

And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
 Without accusing you of injury !
 Be where you list, your charter is so strong,
 That you yourself may privilege your time
 To what you will ; to you it doth belong
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
 I am to wait, tho' waiting so be hell :
 Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

The Beauty of Nature.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
 Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd ?
 Which labouring for invention, bear amills
 The second burden of a former child ?
 O ! that record could with a backward look,
 Ev'n of five hundred courses of the sun ;
 Show me your image in some antique book,
 Since mine at first in character was done !
 That I might see what the old world could say
 To this composed wonder of your frame ;
 Whether we're mended, or where better they,
 Or whether revolution be the same.
 O ! sure I am, the wits of former days,
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

Love's Cruelty.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
 That thereby beauty's rose may never die ;
 But as the ripper should by time decease,
 His tender heir might bear his memory.
 But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes,
 Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel ;
 Making a famine where abundance lies :
 Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
 Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
 And only herald to the gaudy spring,
 Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
 And tender churl mak'st waste in niggarding :
 Pity the world, or else this glutton be
 To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
 And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
 Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
 Will be a tatter'd weed of small worth held :
 Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty days ?
 To say within thine own deep sunken eyes,
 Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
 How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
 If thou couldst answer, This fair child of mine
 Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,
 Proving his beauty by succession thine ?
 This were to be new made when thou art old,
 And see thy blood warm, when thou feel'st it cold.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
 Now is the time that face should form another,
 Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
 Thou dost beguile the world, unblest some mother.
 For where is she so fair, whose un-ear'd womb
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?
 Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb
 Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?
 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
 Calls back the lovely *April* of her prime :
 So thou thro' windows of thine age shalt see,
 Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
 But if thou live, remember not to be ;
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

Youthful Glory.

O that you were yourself ! but, love, you are
 No longer yours, than you yourself here live :
 Against this coming end you should prepare,
 And your sweet semblance to some other give.
 So should that beauty, which you hold in lease,
 Find no determination ; then you were
 Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.

H 6

Who

Who let so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold,
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?

O! none but unthrifts: dear my love, you know
You had a father, let your son say so.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck,
And yet methinks I have astronomy;
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind;
Or say, with princes if it shall go well,
By ought predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And constant stars; in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself, to store thou would'st convert:
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

When I consider, every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment;
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows,
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment:
When I perceive, that men as plants increase,
Chear'd and check'd even by the self-same sky:
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory:
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay,
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And all in war with time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

Good Admonition.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way,
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, time?

And

And fortify yourself, in your decay,
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme ?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit.
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this (time's pencil) or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself, keeps yourself still,
And you must live drawn by your own sweet skill.

Who will believe my verse, in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts ?
Tho' yet, heav'n knows, it is but as a tomb,
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces ;
The age to come would say this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
So should my papers (yellow'd with their age)
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue ;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antic song.

But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice in it, and in my rhyme.

Quick Prevention.

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage.
But when from high-most pitch, with weary care,
Like feeble age he reeleth from the day ;

The

The eyes ('fore duteous) now converted are
From his low track, and look another way.

So thou, thyself, outgoing in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

Magazine of Beauty.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself, thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largels given thee to give?

Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffick with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive;
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which used lives th' executor to be.

Those hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze, where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair, which fairly doth excel.
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap, check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone;
Beauty o'er-snow'd, and barrenness every where.

Then were not summer's distillation left
A liquid prisoner, pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.

But flower's distill'd, tho' they with winter meet,
Lose but their snow, their substance still lives sweet.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd,
Make sweet some vial, treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd:

That

That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan ;
That's for thyself, to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one :
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee ;
Then what could death do, if thou should'st depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity ?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

An Invitation to Marriage.

Musick to hear, why hear'st thou musick sadly ?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy :
Why lov'st thou that, which thou receiv'st not gladly ?
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy ?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married do offend thy ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou should'st bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering ;
Resembling fire and child, and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing :
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, thou single wilt prove none.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou consum'st thyself in single life ?
Ah ! if thou issue-less shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee like a makeless wife :
The world will be thy widow, and still weep,
That thou no form of thee has left behind ;
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind :
Look what an unthrif in the world doth spend,
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it :
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the us'rer so destroys it.

No

No love towards others in that bosom sits,
That on himself such murd'rous shame commits.

For shame! deny, that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident;
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st, is most evident:
For thou art so possess'd with murd'rous hate,
That 'gainst thyself, thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which, to repair, should be thy chief desire.
O change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay;
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore years would make the world away.
Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look whom she best endow'd, she gave the more;
Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty cherish:
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die.

When I do count the clock, that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls are silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier, with white and bristly beard;

Then

Then of thy beauty do I question make,
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,
 Since sweets and beauties to themselves forsake,
 And die as fast as they see others grow ;
 And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make defence,
 Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

False Belief.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
 I do believe her (tho' I know she lies)
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
 Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.
 Thus vainly thinking, that she thinks me young,
 Altho' I know my years be past the best ;
 I smiling, credit her false speaking tongue,
 Out-facing faults in love, with love's ill rest.
 But wherefore says my love, that she is young ?
 And wherefore say not I, that I am old ?
 O love's best habit is a smoothing tongue,
 And age (in love) loves not to have years told.
 Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,
 Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

A Temptation.

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
 That like two spirits do suggest me still :
 My better angel is a man (right fair)
 My worser spirit a woman (colour'd ill.)
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
 Wooing his purity with her fair pride.
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;
 For being both to me, both to each friend,
 I guess one angel in another's hell.
 The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
 'Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

Fast

Fast and Loose.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
 'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
 Persuade my heart to this false perjury,
 Vows for thee broke, deserve not punishment.
 A woman I forswore ; but I will prove,
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love,
 Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
 My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is ;
 Then thou, fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,
 Exhale this vapour vow, in thee it is :
 If broken then, it is no fault of mine.
 If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
 To break an oath, to win a paradise ?

True Content.

So is it not with me, as with that muse,
 Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse ;
 Making a compliment of proud compare
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems ;
 With *April's* first-born flowers, and all things rare,
 That heaven's air, in this huge rondure hems.
 O ! let me, true in love, but truly write,
 And then believe me, my love is as fair
 As any mother's child, tho' not so bright
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air.
 Let them say more, that like of hearsay well ;
 I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

A Bashful Lover.

As an imperfect actor on the stage,
 Who with his fear is put besides his part :
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
 Whose strength abundant weakens his own heart :

So I, for fear of trust, forgot to say
 The perfect ceremony of love's right,
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
 O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's might.
 O! let my looks be then the eloquence,
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
 Who plead for love, and look for recompence,
 More than that tongue that more hath more exprest.
 O learn to read what silent love hath writ!
 To hear what eyes belong to love's fine wit.

Strong Conceit.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
 So long as youth and thou art of one date;
 But when in thee time's sorrows I behold,
 Then look I death my days should expiate.
 For all that beauty, that doth cover thee,
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
 Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me,
 How can I then be elder than thou art?
 O therefore, love! be of thyself so weary,
 As I not for myself, but for thee, will,
 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary,
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
 Presume not on thy heart, when mine is slain;
 Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

Sweet Provocation.

Sweet *Cytherea*, sitting by a brook,
 With young *Adonis*, lovely, fresh and green,
 Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
 Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen,
 She told him stories, to delight his ear;
 She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
 To win his heart, she touch't him here and there:
 Touches so soft, still conquer chastity.
 But whether unripe years did want conceit,
 Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,

The

A Disconsolation.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired,
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired.
For then my thoughts (far from where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darknefs, which the blind do see,
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents their shadow to my sightless view ;
Which, like a jewel (hung in ghastly night)
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself no quiet find.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debar'd the benefit of rest ?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night, and night by day oppress ?
And each (tho' enemies to other's reign)
Do in consent shake hands to torture me ?
The one by toil, the other to complain,
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven :
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,
When sparkling stars tweeer out, thou gild'st th' even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem
stronger.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone beweepe my out-cast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate :
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess ;
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least.

Yet

Yet in these thoughts, myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state
Like to the lark, at break of day arising
From sullen earth, to sing at heaven's gate.

For thy sweet love rememb'ed, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

Cruel Desert.

Scarce had the sun dry'd up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade ;
When *Cytherea* (all in love forlorn)
A longing tarriance for *Adonis* made
Under an osier growing by a brook ;
A brook, where *Adon* us'd to cool his spleen.
Hot was the day, the hotter, that did look
For his approach, that often here had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim :
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so whistly, as this queen on him :
He spying her, bounc'd in (whereas he stood)
O! *Jove* ! (quoth she) why was not I a flood ?

The Unconstant Lover.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle ;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty ;
Brighter than glass, and yet as glass is brittle ;
Softer than wax, and yet as iron rusty ;
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her ;
None fairer, nor none fatter to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing ?
How many tales to please me hath she coined,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing ?
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She

She burnt with love, as straw with fire flameth ;
She burnt out love, as soon as straw out burning ;
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing ;
She had love last, and yet she fell a turning.

Was this a lover, or a letcher whether ?
Bad at the best, tho' excellent in neither.

The Benefit of Friendship.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought,
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.
Then can I drown an eye (unus'd to flow)
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expence of many a vanish'd sight,
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay, as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead ;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends, which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie !
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone ;
Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
That due of many, now is thine alone.
Their images I lov'd, I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

If

If thou survive my well-contented day,
 When that churl death my bones with dust shall cover;
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover :
 Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,
 And tho' they be out-stript by every pen,
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
 Exceeded by the height of happier men,
 Oh then vouchsafe me but this loving thought !
 Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
 A dearer birth than this, his love had brought,
 To march in ranks of better equipage :
 But since he died, and poets better prove,
 Theirs for their stile I'll read, his for his love.

Friendly Concord.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
 As they must needs (the sister and the brother)
 Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
 Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
 Upon the lute doth ravish human sense :
Spencer to me, whose deep conceit is such,
 As passing all conceit, needs no defence.
 Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound,
 That *Phœbus*' lute (the queen of music) makes ;
 And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
 When as himself to singing he betakes.
 One God is God of both (as poets fain)
 One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

Inhumanity.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,
 Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
 For *Adon*'s sake, a youngster proud and wild,
 Her stand she takes upon a steep-up-hill.
 Anon *Adonis* comes with horn and hounds,
 She, silly queen, with more than love's good-will,
 Forbad the boy he should not pass those grounds :

Once

Once (quoth she) did I see a fair sweet youth
 Here in these brakes, deep wounded with a boar,
 Deep in the thigh a spectacle of ruth;
 See in my thigh (quoth she) here was the fore:
 She shewed hers, he saw more wounds than one,
 And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

A Congratulation.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
 While thou dost breathe, that pour't into my verse
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
 Oh! give thyself the thanks, if ought in me,
 Worthy perusal, stand against thy sight;
 For who's so dull, that cannot write to thee,
 When thou thyself dost give invention light?
 Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth,
 Than those old Nine which rhimers invoke;
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
 Eternal numbers to out-live long date.

If my slight muse do please these curious days,
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

Oh! how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me?
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
 And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?
 Even for this, let us divided live,
 And our dear love lose name of single one;
 That by this separation I may give
 That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
 Oh absence! what a torment would'st thou prove,
 Were't not that thy sour leisure gave sweet leave,
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
 Who time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceive;
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
 By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

Take all my loves, my love, yea take them all,
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
 No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call,
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.

'Then if for my love, thou my love receivest,
 I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest;
 But yet be blan'd, if thou thyself deceivest
 By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
 I do forgive thy robb'ry, gentle thief,
 Altho' thou steal thee all my poverty:
 And yet love knows it is a greater grief
 To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
 Kill me with spite, yet we must not be foes.

Loss and Gain.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
 When I am sometimes absent from thy heart,
 Thy beauty and thy years full well besit,
 For still temptation follows where thou art.
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won;
 Beauteous thou art, and therefore to be assailed,
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son
 Will sourly leave her till he have prevailed?
 Ah me! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
 Who lead thee in their riot even there,
 Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth:
 Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
 Thine by thy beauty being false to me.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
 And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye,
 Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
 Suffering my friend, for my sake, to approve her.
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
 And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross.

But here's the joy, my friend and I are one,
 Sweet flattery, then she loves but me alone.

Foolish Disdain.

Venus with Adonis sitting by her,
 Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
 She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
 And as he fell to her, she fell to him.
 Even thus (quoth she) the warlike god embrac'd me,
 And then she clipt Adonis in her arms;
 Even thus (quoth she) the warlike god unlac'd me,
 As if the boy should use like loving charms.
 Even thus (quoth she) he seized on my lips,
 And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
 And as she fetched breath away he skips,
 And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
 Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
 To kiss and clip me till I run away.

Ancient Antipathy.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together;
 Youth is full of pleasure, age is full of care;
 Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
 Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
 Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
 Youth is nimble, age is lame;
 Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.
 Age I do abhor thee, youth I do adore thee;
 O! my love, my love is young:
 Age I do defy thee, O! sweet shepherd hie thee;
 For, methinks, thou stay'st too long.

Beauty's Valuation.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
 A shining glass, that fadeth suddenly;
 A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
 A brittle glass, that's broken presently.
 A doubtful good, a glass, a glass, a flower,
 Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost, are feld' or never found;
 As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh;
 As flowers dead, lie withered on the ground;
 As broken glass, no cement can redress:
 So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
 In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.

Melancholy Thoughts.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 Injurious distance should not stop my way;
 For then, despite of space, I would be brought
 To limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
 No matter then altho' my foot did stand
 Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee;
 For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
 As soon as think the place where he would be.
 But, ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
 To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone;
 But that so much of earth and water wrought,
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
 Receiving nought by elements so slow,
 But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

The other two, slight air, and purging fire,
 Are both with thee, where-ever I abide;
 The first my thought, the other my desire;
 These present, absent, with swift motion slide.
 For when these quicker elements are gone,
 In tender embassy of love to thee,
 My life being made of four, with two alone
 Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
 Until life's composition be recured,
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
 Who even but now come back again assured
 Of their fair health, recounting it to me.

This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
 I send them back again, and strait grow sad.

Love's

Love's Loss.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,
 Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring :
 Bright orient pearl, alack ! too timely shaded,
 Fair creature kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting :
 Like a green plum, that hangs upon a tree,
 And falls (thro' wind) before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have,
 For why ? Thou lests me nothing in thy will ;
 And yet thou lests me more than I did crave :
 For why ? I craved nothing of thee still :
 O yes (dear friend) I pardon crave of thee,
 Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

Love's Relief.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen,
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green ;
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy ;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride,
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
 With all triumphant splendor on my brow ;
 But out, alack ! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
 Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
 And make me travel forth without my cloke,
 To let base clouds o'ertake me in the way,
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke ?
 'Tis not enough that thro' the cloud thou break,
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face ;
 For no man well of such a salve can speak,
 That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace.

Nor can thy shame give phyfic to my grief,
 Tho' thou repent, yet I have still the cross;
 Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
 To him, that beareth strong offences cross.

Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
 And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done,
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
 All men make faults, and even I in this,
 Authorizing thy trespasss with compare,
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
 Excusing their sins more than their sins are:
 For to my sensual fault I bring incense,
 Thy adverse party is thy advocate;
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence,
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,
 That I an accessory needs must be
 To that sweet thief which sorely robs from me.

Unanimity.

Let me confess, that we two must be twain,
 Altho' our undivided loves are one:
 So shall those blots, that do with me remain
 Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
 In our two loves there is but one respect,
 Tho' in our lives a separable spite;
 Which tho' it alter not love's sole effect,
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
 Lest my bewailing guilt should do thee shame,
 Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name.
 But do not so, I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

As

As a decrepit father takes delight
 To see his active child do deeds of youth ;
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,
 Intituled in their part, do crowned sit,
 I make my love ingrafted to this store :
 So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
 That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
 And by a part of all thy glory live :
 Look what is best, that best I wish in thee ;
 This wish I have, then ten times happy me.

Loth to depart.

Good night, good rest ; ah ! neither be my share :
 She had good night, that kept my rest away ;
 And dast me to a cabben hang'd with care,
 To descant on the doubts of my decay.
 Farewel (quoth she) and come again to-morrow ;
 Fare well I could not, for I sapt with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
 In scorn, or friendship, nill I consider whether :
 It may be she joy'd to jest at my exile ;
 It may be again to make me wander thither.
 Wander (a word) for shadows like myself,
 As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

Lord ! how mine eyes throw gazes to the east !
 My heart doth charge the watch ; the morning rise
 Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest,
 Not daring trust the office of mine eyes.
 While *Philomela* sits and sings, I sit and mark,
 And wish her lays were tuned like the lark.

For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
 And drives away dark dreaming night :
 The night so packt, I post unto my pretty;
 Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wish'd sight;
 Sorrow chang'd to solace, and solace mixt with sorrow,
 For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon,
 But now are minutes added to the hours;
 To spite me now, each minute seems an hour,
 Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers.
 Pack night, peep day, good day of night now borrow,
 Short night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

A Master-Piece.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd
 Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
 My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
 And perspective it is best painter's art.
 For thro' the painter must you see his skill,
 To find where your true image pictur'd lies,
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
 That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
 Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
 Are windows to my breast, where thro' the sun
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee.
 Yet eyes this cunning wanting to grace their art,
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

Happiness in Content.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
 Of public honour and proud titles boast:
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
 Unlook'd-for joy in that I honour most.
 Great princes favourites their fair leaves spread,
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,
 For at a frown they in their glory die.

The

The painful warrior famouſed for worth,
 After a thouſand victories, once foil'd,
 Is from the book of honour razed quite,
 And all the reſt forgot, for which he toil'd.
 Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
 Where I may not remove, nor be removed,

A Dutiful Meſſage.

Lord of my love, to whom in vaſſalage
 Thy merit hath my duty ſtrongly knit ;
 To thee I ſend this written embaſſage,
 To witneſs duty, not to ſhew my wit.
 Duty ſo great, which wit ſo poor as mine
 May make ſeem bare, in wanting words to ſhew it ;
 But that I hope ſome good conceit of thine
 In my ſoul's thought (all naked) will beſtow it.
 Till whatſoever ſtar, that guides my moving,
 Points on me graciouſly with fair aſpect,
 And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
 To ſhow me worthy of their ſweet reſpect.
 Then may I dare to boaſt how I do love thee :
 Till then, not ſhow my head, where thou may'ſt prove
 me.

Go and Come quickly.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
 When that I ſeek (my weary travel's end)
 Doth teach that eaſe and that reſpoſe to ſay,
 Thus far the miles are meaſur'd from thy friend ?
 The beaſt that bears me, tired with my woe,
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me ;
 As if by ſome inſtinct the wretch did know
 His rider lov'd not ſpeed being made from thee.
 The bloody ſpur cannot provoke him on,
 That ſometimes anger thruſts into his hide ;
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,
 More ſharp to me, than ſpurring to his ſide ;
 For that ſame groan doth put this in my mind,
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed.
 Form where thou art, why should I haste me thence?
 Till I return, of posting is no need.
 O! what excuse will my poor beast then find,
 When swift extremity can seem but slow?
 Then should I spur tho' mounted on the wind;
 In winged speed no motion shall I know.
 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace,
 Therefore desire (of perfect love being made)
 Shall neigh no dull flesh in his fiery race,
 But love for love thus shall excuse my jade.
 Since from thee going, he went wilful slow,
 Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

Two Faithful Friends.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight:
 Mine eye, my heart their pictures sight would bar,
 My heart, mine eye the freedom of that right:
 My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie;
 (A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes)
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,
 And says, in him their fair appearance lies.
 To 'cide this title, is impannelled.
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart
 And by their verdict is determined
 The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part.
 As thus; mine eyes due is their outward part,
 And my heart's right, their inward love of heart.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
 And each doth good turns now unto the other:
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother:
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart.
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part.

So either by the picture of my love,
Thyself away, are present still with me ;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee.
Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart, to heart's and eyes delight.

Careless Neglect.

How careful was I, when I took my way
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust ;
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust ?
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief :
Thou best of dearest, and mine only care,
Are left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not ; tho' I feel thou art
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part :
And even thence thou wilt be stoln, I fear ;
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

Stout Resolution.

Against that time (if ever that time come)
When I shall see thee frown on my defects ;
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects :
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye ;
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity :
Against that time, do I inſconce me here,
Within the knowledge of mine own desert ;
And this my hand against myself up-rear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part ;
To leave poor me, thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love, I can alledge no cause.

A Duel.

It was a lording's daughter,
 The fairest one of three,
 That liked of her master, as well as well might be ;
 Till looking on an *Englishman*,
 The fairest eye could see,
 Her fancy fell a turning.

Long was the combat doubtful,
 That love with love did fight :
 To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight ;
 To put in practice either,
 Alas ! it was a spite,
 Unto the silly damsel.

But one must be refused,
 More mickle was the pain ;
 That nothing could be used, to turn them both to gain :
 For of the two the trusty knight
 Was wounded with disdain,
 Alas ! she could not help it.

Thus art with arms contending,
 Was victor of the day ;
 Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away.
 Then, lullaby, the learned man
 Hath got the lady gay :
 For now my song is ended.

Love-sick.

On a day (alack the day !)
 Love, whose month was ever *May*,
 Spy'd a blossom passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air.

Thro'

Thro' the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, 'gan passage find,
 That the lover (sick to death)
 With'd himself the heaven's breath.
 Air (quoth he) thy checks may blow ;
 Air! would I might triumph so !
 But (alas!) my hand hath sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy throne ;
 Vow, (alack!) for youth unmeet,
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet ;
 Thou, for whom ev'n *Jove* would swear
Juno but an *Æthiop* were ;
 And deny himself for *Jove*,
 Turning mortal for thy love.

Love's Labour Lost.

My flocks feed not, my ewes breed not,
 My rams speed not ; all is amiss :
 Love is dying, faith's defying,
 Heart's denying, caufer of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
 All my lady's love is lost (God wot)
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
 There a nay is plac'd, without remove.
 One silly cross wrought all my loss ;
 O! frowning fortune, curst fickle dame :
 For now I see inconstancy
 More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I, all fears scorn I,
 Love hath forlorn me living in thrall ;
 Heart is bleeding, all help needing ;
 O! cruel speeding, fraughted with gall !
 My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,
 My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;
 My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid.

With

With sighs so deep, procures to weep
 In howling wise to see my doleful plight ;
 How sighs resound thro' heartless ground,
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight.

Clear wells spring not, sweet birds sing not,
 Green plants bring not forth their dye ;
 Herds stand weeping, flocks all sleeping,
 Nymphs black peeping fearfully.
 All our pleasure known to us poor swains ;
 All our merry meetings on the plains ;
 All our evening sport from us is fled ;
 All our love is lost, for love is dead.
 Farewel, sweet love, thy like ne'er was,
 For a sweet content, the cause of all my woe ;
 Poor *Coridon* must live alone,
 Other help for him, I see, that there is none.

Wholesome Counsel.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
 And shall'd the deer that then should't strike ;
 Let reason rule things worthy blame,
 As well as fancy (partly all might)
 Take counsel of some wiser head,
 Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
 Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk ;
 Lest she some subtle practice smell :
 A cripple soon can find a halt.
 But plainly say, thou lov'st her well,
 And set her person forth to sale.

What tho' her frowning brows be bent,
 Her cloudy looks will calm ere night ;
 And then too late she will repent,
 That thus dissembled her delight :
 And twice desire, ere it be day,
 That which with scorn she put away.

What

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban, and brawl, and say thee nay;
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say:
Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then.

And to her will frame all thy ways,
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there,
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and tow'p,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Please never thou to chuse a-new.
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, tho' she put it back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward shew
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men
To sin, and never for to faint;
There is no heaven (by holy then)
When time with age shall them attain.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But soft, enough, too much I fear,
Lest that my mistress hear my song,
She will not stick to round me on th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long.
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewraid.

Sat Fuisse.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
 And all my soul, and all my every part;
 And for this sin there is no remedy,
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.
 Methinks no face so gracious is, as mine;
 No shape so true, no truth of such account;
 And for myself mine own worth do define,
 As I all other in all worths surmount.
 But when my glass shews me myself indeed,
 Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity;
 Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
 Self, so self-loving, were iniquity:
 'Tis thee (my self) that for myself I praise,
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

A Living Monument.

Not marble, nor the gilded monument
 Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme;
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents,
 Than unswept stone besmear'd with fluttish time.
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry;
 Nor Mars's sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn
 The living record of your memory;
 'Gainst death, and all oblivious enmity,
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,
 Even in the eyes of all posterity,
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So till the judgment, that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers eyes.

Familiarity breeds Contempt.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
 The which he will not every hour survey,
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.

Therefore

Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare ;
 Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
 Or captain jewels in the carconet.
 So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
 Or as the wardrobe, which the robe doth hide,
 To make some special instant special blest,
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
 Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
 Being had to triumph, being lack'd to hope.

Patiens Armatus.

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
 My heavy eye-lids to the weary night ?
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
 While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight ;
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee,
 So far from home, into my deeds to pry ?
 To find out shames, and idle hours in me,
 The scope and renure of thy jealousy ?
 O! no, thy love, tho' much is not so great ;
 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake ;
 Mine own true love, that doth my rest defeat,
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake.
 For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
 From me far off, with others all too near.

A Valediction.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead ;
 When you shall hear the surly fullen bell
 Give warning to the world, that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts wou'd be forgot,
 If thinking on me then, should make you woe.
 O! if (I say) you look upon this verse,
 When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay ;
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
 But let your love even with my life decay :

Left

Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me, after I am gone.

O! lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me that you should love;
After my death (dear love!) forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove:
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me now, than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I,
Than niggard truth would willingly impart.
O! lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue;
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me, nor you:
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth;
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

But be contented, when that fell arrest,
Without all bail, shall carry me away;
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My sprite is thine, the better part of me.
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains;
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

Nil Magnis Invidia.

That thou art blam'd, shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect;
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.

So

So thou be good, slander doth but approve
 Their worth the greater, being woo'd of time ;
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
 Thou hast past by the ambush of young days,
 Either not assail'd, or victor, being charg'd ;
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
 To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd ;
 If some suspect of ill, mask not thy show,
 Then thou alone kingdom's of hearts should'st owe.

Love-Sick.

O how I faint, when I of you do write !
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name :
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
 To make me tongue-ty'd, speaking of your fame.
 But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear ;
 My lancy bark (inferior far to his)
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
 Your shallowest help will hold me up a-float,
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride ;
 Or (being wreck'd) I am a worthless boat,
 He of tall building, and of goodly pride.

Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
 The worst was this, my love was my decay.

Or shall I live your epitaph to make ?
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten ?
 From hence your memory death cannot take,
 Altho' in me each part will be forgotten.
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
 Tho' I (once gone) to all the world must die ;
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,
 When you intomb'd in men's eyes shall lie :
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ;
 And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
 When all the breathers of this world are dead ?
 You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)
 Where breath most breathes, ev'n in the mouths of men.

The Picture of True Love.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments; love is not love,
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove.
 O no; it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken:
 It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, altho' his height be taken.
 Love's not time's fool, tho' rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come:
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error and upon me prov'd,
 I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

In Praise of his Love.

I grant thou wert not martyr'd to my muse,
 And therefore may'st without attaint o'erlook
 The dedicated words which writers use
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book:
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue;
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
 And therefore art inforc'd to seek a-new
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days:
 And do so love, yet when they have devis'd
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
 Thou truly fair, wert truly sympathiz'd,
 In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend.
 And their gross painting might be better us'd,
 Where cheeks need blood, in thee it is abus'd.

I never saw that you did painting need,
 And therefore to you fair no painting set:
 I found (or thought I found) you did exceed
 The barren tender of a poet's debt:

And

And therefore have I slept in your report,
 That you yourself being extant, well might show,
 How far a modern quill doth come too short,
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
 This silence of my sin you did impute,
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb ;
 For I impair not beauty, being mute,
 When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
 There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.

Who is it, that says most, which can say more
 Than this rich praise, that you alone are you ?
 In whose confine immured is the store
 Which should example where your equal grew.
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
 That to his subject lends not some small glory :
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell
 That you are you, so dignifies his story.
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,
 Not making worse what nature made so clear ;
 And such a counterpart shall fame his writ,
 Making him still admired every where.
 You to your beauteous blessing add a curse,
 Being fond of praise, which makes your praises worse.

My tongue-ty'd muse in manners holds her still,
 While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
 Reserve their character with golden quill,
 And precious praise by all the muses fill'd.
 I think good thoughts, whilst others write good words,
 And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry *Amen*
 To every hymn that able spirit affords,
 In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
 Hearing you praised, I say 'tis so, 'tis true,
 And to the most of praise add something more ;
 But that is in my thought, whose love to you
 (Tho' words come hindmost) holds his ranks before :
 Then others, for the breath of words, respect ;
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

A Re-

A Resignation.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
 Bound for the prize of (all-too-precious) you,
 That did my ripe thoughts in my brain rehearse,
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
 Above a mortal pitch that struck me dead!
 No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
 Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
 He nor that affable familiar ghost,
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
 As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
 I was not sick of any fear from thence.
 But when your count'nance fill'd up his line,
 Then lack'd I matter that infeebl'd mine.

Farewel, thou art too dear for my possessing,
 And, like enough, thou know'st thy estimate:
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.
 For how do I hold thee, but by thy granting,
 And for that riches where is my deserving?
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
 And so my patent back again is swerving.
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking,
 So thy great gift upon misprision growing,
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
 In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

Sympathizing Love.

As it fell upon a day,
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade,
 With a grove of myrtles made,
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring:

Every

Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone ;
She (poor bird!) as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'it ditty,
That to hear it was great pity ;
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry ;
Tereu, Tereu, by and by ;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain :
For her griefs so lovely shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain :
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee ;
Ruthless bears, they will not chear thee ;
King *Pandion* he is dead :
All thy friends are lap'd in lead ;
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing :
Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd :
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind,
Faithful friends are hard to find :
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend :
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call :
And with such like flattering,
Pity but he was a king.
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will intice.
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment.
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown :

They

They that fawn'd on him before,
 Use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need:
 If thou sorrow, he will weep;
 If thou awake, he cannot sleep.
 Thus of every grief in heart,
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

A Request to his Scornful Love.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
 And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
 Upon thy side, against thyself I'll fight,
 And prove thee virtuous, tho' thou art forsworn.
 With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
 Upon thy part I can set down a story
 Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted:
 That thou in losing me shalt win much glory:
 And I by this will be a gainer too.
 For bending all my loving thoughts on thee;
 The injuries that to myself I do,
 Doing thee 'vantage, double 'vantage me.
 Such is my love to thee I so belong,
 That for thy right, myself will bear all wrong.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
 And I will comment upon that offence:
 Speak of my lameness, and I strait will halt;
 Against thy reasons making no defence.
 Thou canst not (love) disgrace me half so ill,
 To set a form upon desired change,
 As I'll myself disgrace; knowing thy will,
 I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;
 Be absent from thy walks, and on my tongue
 Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
 Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
 And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
 For thee, against myself, I'll vow debate;
 For I must ne'er love him, whom thou dost hate.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now,
 Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
 And do not drop in for an after loss:
 Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
 Come in the rereward of a conquer'd woe!
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
 To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
 When other petty griefs have done their spite;
 But in the onset come, so shall I taste
 At first the very worst of fortune's might.
 And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
 Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their bodies force,
 Some in their garments, tho' new fangl'd ill;
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse:
 And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest.
 But these particulars are not my measure,
 All these, I better, in one general best.
 Thy love is better than high birth to me,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments cost;
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be:
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
 Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

A Lover's Affection, though his Love prove Unconstant.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
 For term of life thou art assured mine;
 And life no longer than my love will stay,
 For it depends upon that love of thine.
 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
 When in the least of them my life hath end;
 I see a better state to me belongs,
 Than that which on my humour doth depend.

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Thou

Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie;
 Oh! what a happy title do I find,
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
 But what's so blessed fair that fears no blot?
 Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not,

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceived husband; so love's face
 May still seem to love me, tho' alter'd new;
 'Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place.
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
 'Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
 In manies looks the false heart's history
 Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;
 But heaven in thy creation did decree,
 'That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
 Whate'er thy thoughts, or thy heart's workings be,
 Thy looks shall nothing thence but sweetness tell.
 How like *Eve's* apple doth thy beauty grow,
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they must do, show;
 Who moving others, are themselves as stone
 Unmoved, cold and to temptation flow:
 They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,
 And husband nature's riches from expence;
 They are the lords and owners of their faces
 Others but stewards of their excellence.
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Tho' to itself it only live and die;
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed out-braves his dignity:
 For sweetest things turn fourest by their deeds;
 Lilies, that fester, smell far worse than weeds.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name?
 Oh! in what sweets dost thou thy sins inclose!

That

That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
 (Making lascivious comments on thy sport)
 Cannot dispraise, but in a kind of praise;
 Naming thy name, blesses an ill report.
 Oh! what a mansion have those vices got,
 Which for their habitation chuse out thee:
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
 And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
 Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege,
 The hardest knife, ill us'd, doth lose his edge.

Complaint for his Lover's Absence.

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen?
 What old *December's* barrenness every where?
 And yet this time remov'd was summer's time;
 The teeming autumn big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
 Like widow'd wombs after their lord's decease.
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me,
 But hope of orphans and un-father'd fruit;
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
 And thou away, the very birds are mute:
 Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud py'd *April* (drest in all his trim)
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
 That heavy *Saturn* laugh'd and leap'd with him.
 Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
 Cou'd make me any summer's story tell;
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.
 Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
 Nor praise the deep vermillion in the rose;
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play.

The forward violet thus did I chide;
 Sweet thief! whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
 If not from my love's breath? the purple pride,
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd:
 The lily I condemned for thy hand,
 And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair;
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
 One blushing shame, another white despair;
 A third nor red, nor white, had stol'n of both,
 And to his robb'ry had annex'd thy breath;
 But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
 A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
 More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
 But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

An Invocation to his Muse.

Where art thou, muse, that thou forget'st so long
 To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
 Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
 Dark'ning thy power to lend base subjects light?
 Return, forgetful muse, and strait redeem,
 In gentle numbers, time so idly spent;
 Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
 And give thy pen both skill and argument.
 Rise, resty muse, my love's sweet face survey,
 If time hath any wrinkle graven there;
 If any, be a *satire* to decay,
 And make time's spoils despised every where.
 Give my love fame, faster than time wastes life,
 So thou prevent'st his scythe, and crooked knife.

Oh! truant muse! what shall be thy amends,
 For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
 But truth and beauty on my love depends:
 So dost thou too, and therein dignify'd.
 Make answer, muse, wilt thou not haply say,
 Truth needs no colour with his colour fix'd;
 Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
 But best is best, if never intermix'd.

Because

Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb,
Excuse no silence so, for't lies in thee
To make her much out-live a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, muse, I teach thee how
To make her seem long hence, as she shows now.

Constant Affection.

To me, fair love, you never can be old;
For as you were when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forest shook three summers pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow *Autumn* turn'd,
In process of the seasons, have I seen;
Three *April* perfumes in three hot *Junes* burn'd,
Since first I saw you, fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no place perceiv'd;
So your sweet hue, which, methinks, still does stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.

For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
Ere you was born, was beauty's summer dead.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show;
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so:
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wond'rous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent;
Three themes in one, which wond'rous scope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone:
Which three, till now, have never fate in one.

When in the chronicle of wasted time,
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,

And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
 In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;
 Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antic pen would have express'd
 Even such a beauty as you master now.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
 They had not still enough your worth to sing:
 For we who now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

Amazement.

My love is strength'ned, tho' more weak in seeming;
 I love not less, tho' less the show appear:
 That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming,
 The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
 Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
 When I was wont to greet it in my lays;
 As *Philomel* in summer's front doth sing,
 And stops his pipe in growth of riper days.
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now,
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night;
 But that wild music burdens every bough,
 And sweets grown common, lose their dear delight.
 Therefore like her I sometime hold my tongue,
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

Alack! what poverty my muse brings forth!
 That having such a scope to show her pride,
 The argument all bare, is of more worth,
 Than when it hath my added praise beside.
 Oh! blame me not, if I no more can write!
 Look in your glass, and there appears a face,
 That overgoes my blunt invention quite,
 Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
 Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
 To mar the subject that before was well.

For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces, and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can fit,
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

A Lover's Excuse for his long Absence.

Oh! never say that I was false of heart,
'Tho' absence seem'd my flame to qualify;
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul which in my breast doth lie.
That is my home of love; if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels, I return again
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd;
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, tho' in my nature reign'd
All frailties, that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good:
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose, in it thou art my all.

Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there;
And made myself a motley to thy view;
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear;
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely: but by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worst assays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end,
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

A Complaint.

Oh! for my sake do you with fortune chide
 The guilty goddess of my harmless deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide,
 Than public means which public manners breeds.
 Thence comes it, that my name receives a brand,
 And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
 Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd;
 Whilst like a willing patient I will drink
 Potions of eyfel 'gainst my strong infection,
 No bitterness, that I will bitter think,
 Nor double penance to correct correction.
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
 E'en that your pity is enough to cure me.

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill,
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,
 So you o'er-screen my bad, my good allow?
 You are my all, the world and I must strive,
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,
 That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
 In so profound abyfme I throw all care
 Of others voices, that my adder's sense
 To critic and to flatt'rer stopped are:
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense.
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
 That all the world besides me thinks I'm dead.

Self-Flattery of her Beauty.

Since I left you mine eye is in my mind,
 And that which governs me to go about,
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind;
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out.
 For it no form delivers to the heart
 Of birds, or flowers, or shape, which it doth lack;
 Of

Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch :
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
 The most sweet favour or deformedst creature,
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
 The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature :
 Incapable of more, replete with you,
 My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery ?
 Or whether shall I say mine eye sayth true,
 And that your love taught it this alchymy ?
 To make of monsters, and things indigest,
 Such cherubims as your sweet self resemble ;
 Creating every bad a perfect best,
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble ?
 Oh ! 'tis the first, 'tis flatt'ry in my seeing,
 And my great mind most kindly drinks it up ;
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup.
 If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin,
 That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

Those lines, that I before have writ, do lye,
 E'en those that said I could not love you dearer :
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why,
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
 But reck'ning time, whose million accidents
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
 Can sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
 Divert strong minds to th' course of alt'ring things :
 Alas ! why fearing of time's tyranny,
 Might I not then say, now I love you best,
 When I was certain o'er incertainty,
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ?
 Love is a babe, then might I not say so,
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow ?

A Trial of Love's Constancy.

Accuse me thus; that I have scant'd all,
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
 'That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
 And given to time your own dear purchas'd right;
 'That I have hoisted sails to all the winds,
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
 Book both my wilfulness and error down,
 And on just proof surmise, accumulate;
 Bring me within the level of your frown,
 But shoot not at me in your wakened hate:
 Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

Like as you make your appetites more keen,
 With eager compounds we our palate urge;
 As to prevent our maladies unseen,
 We sicken, to shun sickness, when we purge:
 Even so being full of your near cloying sweetness,
 To bitter fauces did I frame my feeding;
 And sick of welfare, found a kind of meekness,
 'To be diseas'd ere that there was true needing.
 'Thus policy in love, 't' anticipate
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,
 Which rank of goodness would by ill be cured.
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

What potions have I drunk of *Siren* tears,
 Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within?
 Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
 Still losing when I saw myself to win.
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never?
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
 In the distraction of this madding fever?

Oh

Oh! benefit of ill! now I find true,
 That better is by evil still made better;
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
 So I return rebuke to my content,
 And gain by ills thrice more than I have spent.

A good Construction of his Love's Unkindness.

That you were once unkind befriends me now;
 And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
 As I by yours, y' have pass'd a hell of time;
 And I a tyrant have no leisure taken,
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
 Oh! that our night of woe might have remembered
 My deepest sense, how hard the true sorrow hits,
 And soon to you, as you to me then tendered
 The humble salve, which wounded bosoms fits!
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee,
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

Error in Opinion.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
 When not to be, receives reproach of being;
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd,
 Not by our feeling, but by others seeing.
 For why should others false adulterate eyes
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?
 Or on my frailties, who are frailer spies;
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
 No, I am that I am, and they that level
 At my abuses, reckon up their own;
 I may be straight, tho' they themselves be bevel;
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
 Unless this general evil they maintain,
 All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

Upon the Receipt of a Table-Book from his Mistress.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain,
 Full character'd with a lasting memory,
 Which shall above that idle rank remain,
 Beyond all date, even to eternity,
 Or at the least, so long as brain and heart
 Have faculty by nature to subsist;
 Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
 Of thee, thy record never can be mist.
 That poor retention could not so much hold,
 Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
 Therefore to give them from me, was I bold
 To trust those tables that receive thee more:
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

A Vow.

No, Time! thou shalt not boast that I do change.
 Thy pyramids built up with newer might,
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
 They are but dressings of a former sight.
 Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
 And rather make them born to our desire,
 Than think that we before have heard them told.
 Thy registers and thee I both defy,
 Not wond'ring at the present nor the past;
 For thy records, and what we see doth lye
 Made more or less by thy continual haste.
 This I do vow, and this shall ever be;
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

Love's Safety.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
 It might for fortune's bastard be un-father'd;
 As subject to time's love, or to time's hate,
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd

No,

No, it was builded far from accident,
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
 Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
 Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls:
 It fears not policy, that heretic,
 Which works on leases of short number'd hours,
 But all alone stands hugely politic,
 That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.
 To this I witness call the fools of time,
 Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

An Intreaty for her Acceptance.

Where it ought to be, I bore the canopy.
 With my extern the outward honouring;
 Or laid great bases for eternity,
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining:
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour,
 Lose all, and more, by paying to much rent
 For compound sweet, foregoing simple favour?
 Pitiful thrivers in their gazing spent,
 No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
 And take thou my oblation poor but free,
 Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
 But mutual render, only me for thee.
 Hence thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
 When most impeach'd, stands least in thy controul.

Upon her playing on the Virginals.

How oft when thou thy music, music-play'st
 Upon that blessed wood, whose motion sounds
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
 The witty concord that mine ear confounds;
 Do I envy those jacks that nimbly leap,
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
 At the wood's boldness, by thee blushing stand.
 To be so tickled they would change their state,
 And situation with those dancing chips,

O'er

O'er whom their fingers walk with gentle gait,
 Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
 Since faucy jacks so happy are in this,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kifs.

Immoderate Lust.

Th' expence of spirit in a waste of shame,
 Is lust in action; and till action, lust
 Is perjur'd, murd'rous, bloody, full of blame,
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
 Enjoy'd no sooner, but despis'd straight,
 Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
 Past reason hated as a swallow'd bait,
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad.
 Made in pursuit and in possession so,
 Had, having, and in quest, to have extreme,
 A bliss in proof, and proud, and very woe;
 Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.
 All this the world well knows, yet none knows well
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

In Praise of her Beauty, though black.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
 Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name:
 But now is black beauty's successive heir,
 And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
 For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
 Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
 Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
 But is prophan'd; if not, lives in disgrace.
 Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
 Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem,
 At such who not born fair, no beauty lack,
 Slandering creation with a false esteem:
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
 That very tongue says beauty should look so.

My

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun,
 Coral is far more red than her lips red;
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
 I have seen roses, damask, red, and white;
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks:
 And in some perfumes there is more delight,
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know,
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
 I grant I never saw a goddess go;
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she, bely'd with false compare.

Thou art tyrannous, so thou art,
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel:
 For well thou know'st to my dear doating heart,
 Thou art the fairest, and most precious jewel.
 Yet in good faith some say that thee behold,
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan;
 To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
 Altho' I swear it to myself alone.
 And to be sure that is not false I swear;
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
 One one another's neck do witness bear,
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
 In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
 And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

Thine eyes I love, and they as pitying me,
 Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
 Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
 And truly not the morning-sun of heaven
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east;
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even,
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
 Oh! let it then as well beseech thy heart

To

To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And sute thy pity like in every part.

Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complection lack.

Unkind Abuse.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan,
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me;
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweetest friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self, thou harder hast engros'd;
Of him, myself, and thee I am forsaken,
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard,
Thou canst not use rigour in my jail.

And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee;
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

So now I have confest that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will;
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore to me, my comfort still.
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd, but surety-like to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use;
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake,
So him I lose thro' my unkind abuse.

Him have I lost, thou hast both him and me;
He pays the whole, and yet I am not free.

Love-Suit.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus;

More

More than enough am I that vex thee still,
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
 The sea all water, yet receives rain still,
 And in abundance addeth to his store;
 So thou being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*
 One will of mine, to make thy large *Will* more.
 Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill,
 Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

If thy foul check thee that I come so near,
 Swear to thy blind foul that I was thy *Will*;
 And will, thy foul knows, is admitted there;
 Thus far for love, my love-suit sweet fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
 I fill it full with wills, and my will one:
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove,
 Among a number one is reckon'd none.
 Then in the number let me pass untold,
 Tho' in thy store's account I one must be;
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee.
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
 And then thou lov'st me, for my name is *Will*.

His Heart wounded by her Eye.

Thou blind fool, love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
 That they behold, and see not what they see?
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies;
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
 If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks,
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride;
 Why of eyes falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd?
 Why should my heart think that a several plot,
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
 Or

Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face ;
 In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
 And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

O ! call not me to justify the wrong,
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart ;
 Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue ;
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art :
 Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere ; but in my sight,
 Dear heart forbear to glance thine eye aside ;
 What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
 Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can bide ?
 Let me excuse thee ; ah ! my love well knows,
 Her pretty looks have been my enemies,
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries.
 Yet do not so, but since I am near slain,
 Kill me out-right with looks, and rid my pain.

Be wise as thou art cruel, do not press
 My tongue-ty'd patience with too much disdain :
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
 Tho' not to love, yet love to tell me so :
 As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
 No news but health from their physicians know,
 For if I should despair, I should grow mad,
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee :
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
 That I may not be so, nor thou bely'd,
 Bear thine eyes strait, tho' thy proud heart go wide.

A Protestation.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note ;
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
 Who in despite of view is pleas'd to doat.

Not

Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted,
 Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,
 Nor taste, nor smell desire to be invited
 To any sensual feast with thee alone :
 But my five wits, nor my five senses can
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee ;
 Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be :
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
 That she that makes me sin, rewards my pain.

Love is my sin, and my dear virtue, hate ;
 Hate of sin, grounded on a sinful loving :
 O ! but with mine, compare thou thine own state,
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving ;
 Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
 That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
 Robb'd others beds revenues of their rent.
 Be it lawful, I love thee, as thou lov'st those,
 Whom thine eyes woo, as mine importune thee ;
 Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
 Thy pity may deserve to pity'd be.
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
 By self-example thou may'st be denied !

An Allusion.

Lo ! as a careful housewife runs to catch
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away ;
 Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch,
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay :
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
 Cries to catch her, whose busy care is bent
 To follow that which flies before her face ;
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent.
 So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,
 Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind ;
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind.
 So will I pray, that thou may'st have thy Will,
 If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

Life

Life and Death.

Those lips that love's own hand did make,
 Breath'd forth the sound that said, I hate,
 To me that languish'd for her sake:
 But when she saw my woful state,
 Strait in her heart did mercy come;
 Chiding that tongue, that, ever sweet,
 Was us'd in giving gentle doom,
 And taught it thus a-new to greet:
I hate, she alter'd with an end
 That follow'd it, as gentle day
 Doth follow night, who like a fiend
 From heaven to hell is flown away.
I hate, from hate away she threw,
 And sav'd my life, saying, *not you*.

A Consideration of Death.

Poor soul! the center of my sinful earth,
 My sinful earth these rebel powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls in costly clay?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy faded mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more.
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
 And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

Immoderate Passion.

My love is as a fever, longing still
 For that which longer nurieth the disease;
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
 Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please.

My

My reason, the physician to my love,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve;
 Desire is death, which physic did accept.
 Past cure I am, now reason is past cure;
 And frantic mad with evermore unrest,
 My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
 At random from the truth vainly express'd.
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

Love's Powerful Subtlety.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
 Which have no correspondence with true sight!
 Or if they have, where is my judgment fled,
 That censures falsely what they see aright?
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes doat,
 What means the world to say it is not so?
 If it be not, then love doth well denote,
 Love's eye is not so true as all mens. No.
 How can it? O how can love's eye be true,
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
 No marvel then, tho' I mistake my view;
 The sun itself sees not, till Heaven clears.
 O! cunning love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults shall find.

Can'st thou, O cruel! say I love thee not?
 When I against myself with thee partake?
 Do I not think on thee, when I forget
 All of myself, all tyrant for thy sake?
 Who hatest thou, that I do call my friend?
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
 Nay, if thou lov'st on me, do I not spend
 Revenge upon myself with present moan?
 What merit do I in myself respect,
 That is so proud thy service to despise;
 When all my best doth worship thy defect;
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
 But, love, hate on; for now I know thy mind,
 Those that can see, thou lov'st; and I am blind.

Oh! from what power hast thou this powerful might,
 With insufficiency my heart to sway;
 To make me give the lye to my true sight,
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds,
 'There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
 That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
 Oh! tho' I love what others do abhor,
 With others thou should'st not abhor my state.
 If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
 More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

Retaliation.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muse,
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,
 As every alien pen hath got my use,
 And under thee their poesie disperse.
 Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to sing,
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
 And given grace a double majesty:
 Yet be most proud of that, which I compile,
 Whose influence is thine, and born of thee;
 In others works thou dost but mend the stile,
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be:
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance,
 As high as learning, my rude ignorance,

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
 And my sick muse doth give another place.
 I grant, sweet love! thy lovely argument
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
 He robs thee of, and pays it thee agen;

He

He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour. Beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek. He can afford
No praise to thee, but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes to thee, thou thyself dost pay.

Sun-Set.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
Upon those boughs, which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd quires, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilights of such day,
As after sun-set fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd by that which it was nourish'd by.
'Tis thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong
To love that well, which thou must leave ere long.

Thy glass will shew thee how thy beauties wear:
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.
The wrinkles, which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give the memory:
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blacks, and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

Me-

A Monument to Fame.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
 Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
 Can yet the lease of my true love controul,
 Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage:
 Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time,
 My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes:
 Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
 And thou in this shall find thy monument,
 When tyrants crests and tombs of brass are spent.

What's in the brain, that ink may character,
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
 What's now to speak, what now to register,
 That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
 Nothing, sweet love! but yet like prayers divine,
 I must each day say o'er the very same;
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
 E'en as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
 So that eternal love, in love's fresh case,
 Weighs not the dust and injuries of age,
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
 But makes antiquity for aye his page:
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
 Where time and outward form would shew it dead.

Perjury.

Love is too young to know what conscience is,
 Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
 Then gentle cheater urge not my amiss,
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
 For thou betraying me, I do betray
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason;

My

My soul doth tell my body that he may
 Triumph in love, flesh stays no further reason :
 But rising at thy name doth point out thee,
 As his triumphant prize ; proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.

No want of conscience hold it, that I call
 Her love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

In loving thee, thou know'st I am not forsworn,
 But thou art twice forsworn to me love swearing ;
 In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
 But why of two oaths breach do I accuse thee,
 When I break twenty ? I am perjur'd most ;
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee ;
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost.
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness ;
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy ;
 And to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness ;
 Or made them swear against the thing they see.
 For I have sworn thee fair ; more perjur'd I,
 To swear against the truth so foul a lye.

The Tale of Cephalus and Procris,

Beneath *Hymettus'* hill, well cloth'd with flowers,
 A holy well her soft springs gently pours :
 Where stands a cops, in which the wood-nymphs shrove,
 (No wood) it rather seems a slender grove.
 The humble shrubs and bushes hide the grass,
 Here laurel, rosemary, here myrtle was :
 Here grew thick box, and tam'risk that excels,
 And made a mere confusion of sweet smells :
 The trifoly, the pine ; and on this heath
 Stands many a plant that feels cold *Zephyr's* breath.
 Here the young *Cephalus*, tir'd in the chace,
 Us'd his repose and rest alone t'embrace ;
 And where he sat, these words he would repeat,
 ' Come, air, sweet air, come cool my mighty heat !

' Come, gentle air, I never will forsake thee,
 ' I'll hug thee thus, and in my bosom take thee.'
 Some double duteous tell-tail hapt to hear this,
 And to his jealous wife doth straitway bear this;
 Which *Procris* hearing, and withal the name
 Of air, sweet air, which he did oft proclaim,
 She stands confounded, and amaz'd with grief,
 By giving this fond tale too sound belief.
 And looks, as do the trees by winter nipt,
 Whom frost and cold of fruit and leaves half stript.
 She bends like corveil, when too rank it grows,
 Or when the ripe fruits clog the quince-tree boughs.
 But when she comes t' herself, she tears
 Her garments, eyes, her cheeks, and hairs;
 And then she starts, and to her feet applies her,
 Then to the wood (stark wood) in rage she hides her.
 Approaching somewhat near, her servants they
 By her appointment in a valley stay;
 While she alone, with creeping paces, steals
 'To take the strumpet, whom her lord conceals.
 What mean'st thou, *Procris*, in these groves to hide thee?
 What rage of love doth to this madness guide thee?
 Thou hop'st the air he calls, in all her bravery,
 Will strait approach, and thou shalt see their knavery.
 And now again it irks her to be there,
 For such a killing fight her heart will tear.
 No truce can with her troubled thoughts dispense,
 She would not now be there, nor yet be thence.
 Behold the place her jealous mind fortels,
 Here do they use to meet, and no where else:
 The grass is laid, and see their true impression,
 Even here they lay! aye, here was their transgression.
 A body's print she saw, it was his feat,
 Which makes her faint heart 'gainst her ribs to beat.
Phæbus the lofty eastern hill had scal'd,
 And all moist vapours from the earth exhal'd.
 Now in his noon-tide point he shineth bright,
 It was the middle hour, 'twixt noon and night.
 Behold young *Cephalus* draws to the place,
 And with the fountain water sprinks his face.

Procris

Procris is hid, upon the grafs he lies,
 And come sweet *Zephyr*, come sweet air, he cries.
 She fees her error now from where he stood,
 Her mind returns to her, and her fresh blood ;
 Among the shrubs and briers she moves and rustles,
 And the injurious boughs away she justles,
 Intending, as he lay there to repose him,
 Nimbly to run, and in her arms inclose him.
 He quickly casts his eye upon the bush,
 Thinking therein some savage beast did rush ;
 His bow he bends, and a keen shaft he draws :
 Unhappy man, what dost thou ? stay, and pause.
 It is no brute beast thou would 'reave of life ;
 O ! man unhappy ! thou hast slain thy wife !
 O heaven ! she cries, O help me ! I am slain ;
 Still doth thy arrow in my wound remain,
 Yet tho' by timeless fate my bones here lie,
 It glads me most, that I no cuck-quean die.
 Her breath (thus in her arms she most affected)
 She breathes into the air (before suspected)
 The whilst he lifts her body from the ground,
 And with his tears doth wash her bleeding wound.

Cupid's Treachery.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep ;
 A maid of *Dian's* this advantage found,
 And by his love-kindling fire did quickly sleep
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground :
 Which borrow'd from his holy fire of love,
 A dateless lively heat still to endure,
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
 But at my mistress' eyes love brand new fired,
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast ;
 I sick withal the help of bath desired,
 And neither hied a sad distemper'd guest :
 But found no cure, the bath for my help lies,
 When *Cupid* got new fire, my mistress' eyes.

The little love-god lying once asleep,
 Laid by his side his heart and flaming brand,
 Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep,
 Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand,
 The fairest votary took up that fire,
 Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
 And so the general of hot desire
 Was sleeping, by a virgin hand disarm'd.
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
 Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy
 For men diseas'd; but I my mistress's thrall,
 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

That Menelaus was the Cause of his own Wrongs.

When *Menelaus* from his house is gone,
 Poor *Helen* is afraid to lie alone;
 And to allay these fears (lodg'd in her breast)
 In her warm bosom she receives her guest.
 What madness was this, *Menelaus*, say?
 Thou art abroad, whilst in the house doth stay,
 Under the self same roof, thy guest, and love:
 Madman! unto the hawk thou trusts the dove.
 And who but such a gull, would give to keep
 Unto the mountain-wolf, full folds of sheep?
Helen is blameless, so is *Paris* too,
 And did what thou, or I myself would do.
 The fault is thine, I tell thee to thy face,
 By limiting these lovers, time and place.
 From thee the seeds of all thy wrongs are grown,
 Whose counsels have they follow'd but thine own?
 Alack! what should they do? abroad thou art,
 At home thou leav'st thy guest to play thy part.
 To lie alone, the poor queen is afraid,
 In the next room an amorous stranger staid;
 Her arms are ope t' embrace him, he falls in:
 And, *Paris*, I acquit thee of the sin.

And in another Place somewhat resembling this.

Orestes liked, but not loved dearly
Hermione, till he had lost her clearly.
 Sad *Menelaus* ! why dost thou lament
 Thy late mishap ? I prithee be content.
 Thou know'st the amorous *Helen*, fair and sweet ;
 And yet without her didst thou sail to *Crete*.
 And thou wast blithe, and merry all the way ;
 But when thou saw'st she was the *Trojan's* prey,
 Then wast thou mad for her, and for thy life,
 Thou canst not now one minute want thy wife.
 So stout *Achilles*, when his lovely bride,
Briseis, was dispos'd to great *Atride*,
 Nor was he vainly mov'd, *Atrides* too
 Offer'd no more, than he of force must do.
 I should have done as much, to set her free ;
 Yet I (Heaven knows) am not so wise as he.

*Vulcan was Jupiter's Smith, an excellent Workman, on
 whom the Poets father many rare Works, amongst which
 I find this one.*

Mars and Venus.

This tale is blaz'd thro' Heaven, how once un'ware,
Venus and *Mars* were took in *Vulcan's* snare.
 The god of war doth in his brow discover
 The perfect and true pattern of a lover.
 Nor could the goddess *Venus* be so cruel
 To deny *Mars* (soft kindness is a jewel,
 In any woman, and becomes her well)
 In this the queen of love doth most excel.
 (O Heaven !) how often have they mockt and flouted
 The smith's polt-foot (whilst nothing he misdoubted ;)
 Made jests of him, and his begrimed trade ;
 And his smoog'd visage, black with coal-dust made.
Mars, tickled with loud laughter, when he saw
Venus like *Vulcan* limp, to halt and draw
 One foot behind another, with sweet grace,
 To counterfeit his lame uneven pace.

Their

Their meetings first the lovers hide with fear
 From every jealous eye, and captious ear.
 The god of war, and love's lascivious dame,
 In public view were full of bashful shame.
 But the *Sun* spies how this sweet pair agree,
 (O what, bright *Phæbus*, can be hid from thee?
 'The *Sun* both sees and blabs the sight forthwith,
 And in all post he speeds to tell the smith.
 O *Sun*! what bad examples dost thou show?
 What thou in secret seest, must all men know?
 For silence, ask a bribe from her fair treasure;
 She'll grant thee that shall make thee swell with pleasure.
 The god, whose face is smoo'd with smoke and fire,
 Placeth about their bed a net of wire;
 So quaintly made that it deceives the eye.
 Strait (as he feigns) to *Lenxos* he must hie.
 The lovers meet where he the train hath set,
 And both lie fast catch'd in a wiry net:
 He calls the gods, the lovers naked sprall,
 And cannot rise; the queen of love shews all.
Mars chafes, and *Venus* weeps, neither can flinch;
 Grappled they lie, in vain they kick and wince.
 Their legs are one within another ty'd,
 Their hands so fast, that they can nothing hide.
 Amongst these high spectators, one by chance,
 That saw them naked in this pitfall dance,
 Thus to himself said; If it tedious be,
 Good god of war, bestow thy place on me.

The History how the Monitaur was begot.

Ida of cedars, and tall trees stands full,
 Where fed the glory of the herd, a bull
 Snow-white, save 'twixt his horns one spot there grew;
 Save that one stain, he was of milky hue.
 'This fair steer did the heifers of the groves
 Desire to bear, as prince of all the droves.
 But most *Pasiphae*, with adulterous breath,
 Envies the wanton heifers to the death.
 'Tis said, that for this bull the doating lass
 Did use to crop young boughs, and mow fresh grass;

Non

Nor was the amorous *Cretan* queen afeard,
 To grow a kind companion to the herd.
 Thus 'thro' the champion she is madly borne,
 And a wild bull to *Minos* gives the horn.
 'Tis not for bravery he can love or loath thee,
 Then why, *Pasiphae*, dost thou richly clothe thee,
 Why should'st thou thus thy face and looks prepare?
 What mak'st thou with thy glass odering thy hair?
 Unless thy glass could make thee seem a cow;
 But how can horns grow on that tender brow?
 If *Minos* please thee, no adulterer seek thee;
 Or if thy husband *Minos* do not like thee,
 But thy lascivious thoughts are still increas'd,
 Deceive him with a man, not with a beast.
 Thus by the queen the wild woods are frequented,
 And leaving the king's bed, she is contented
 To use the groves, borne by the rage of mind,
 Even as a ship with a full eastern wind.
 Some of these strumpet heifers the queen slew,
 Her sinoking altars their warm bloods imbrue;
 Whilst by the sacrificing priest she stands,
 And gripes their trembling entrails in her hands:
 At length, the captain of the herd beguil'd
 With a cow's-skin, by curious art compil'd,
 The longing queen obtains her full desire,
 And in her infant's form bewrays the fire.

*This Minotaur, when he came to Growth, was inclos'd
 in the Labyrinth, which was made by the curious Arts-
 master Dedalus, whose Tale likewise we thus pursue.*

When *Dedalus* the labyrinth had built,
 In which t' include the queen *Pasiphae*'s guilt,
 And that the time was now expir'd full,
 T' inclose the *Minotaur*, half man, half bull:
 Kneeling, he says, Just *Minos*, end my moans,
 And let my native soil intomb my bones:
 Or, if dread sovereign, I deserve no grace,
 Look with a piteous eye on my son's face:
 And grant me leave, from whence we are exil'd,
 Or pity me, if you deny my child.

This, and much more, he speaks, but all in vain,
 The king both son and father will detain :
 Which he perceiving, says ; Now, now, 'tis fit,
 To give the world cause to admire my wit :
 Both land and sea are watch'd by day and night ;
 Nor land nor sea lies open to our flight.
 Only the air remains ; then let us try
 'To cut a passage thro' the air and fly.
Jove be auspicious in my enterprize,
 I covet not to mount above the skies :
 But make this refuge, since I can prepare
 No means to fly my lord but through the air.
 Make me immortal, bring me to the brim
 Of the black *Stygian* water *Styx*, I'll swim.
 Oh ! human wit, thou canst invent much ill.
 Thou searchest strange arts ; who would think, by skill,
 A heavy man, like a light bird should stray,
 And through the empty heavens find a way ?
 He placeth in just order all his quills,
 Whose bottom with resolved wax he fills ;
 Then binds them with a line, and b'ing fast ty'd,
 He placeth them like oars on either side.
 The tender lad the downy feather's blew,
 And what his father meant he nothing knew,
 The wax he fasten'd, with the strings he play'd,
 Not thinking for his shoulders they were made ;
 To whom his father spake (and then look'd pale)
 With these swift ships, we to our land must sail.
 All passages doth cruel *Minos* stop,
 Only the empty air he still leaves ope.
 That way must we ; the land and the rough deep
 Doth *Minos* bar, the air he cannot keep.
 But in thy way, beware thou set no eye
 On the sign *Virgo*, nor *Bootes* high :
 Look not the black *Orion* in the face,
 That shakes his sword, but just with me keep pace.
 Thy wings are now in fast'ning, follow me,
 I will before thee fly ; as thou shalt see
 Thy father mount, or stoop, so I aread thee ;
 Make me thy guard, and safely I will lead thee.

If we should soar too near great *Phæbus* seat,
 The melting wax will not endure the heat :
 Or if we fly too near the humid seas,
 Our moisten'd wings we cannot shake with ease.
 Fly between both, and with the gusts that rise,
 Let thy light body sail amidst the skies.
 And ever as his little son he charms,
 He fits the feathers to his tender arms :
 And shews him how to move his body light,
 As birds first teach their little young ones flight.
 By this he calls to counsel all his wits,
 And his own wings unto his shoulders fits :
 Being about to rise, he fearful quakes,
 And in this new way his faint body shakes.
 First, ere he took his flight, he kiss'd his son,
 Whilst by his cheeks the brinish waters run.
 There was a hillock not so tow'ring tall,
 As lofty mountains be, nor yet so small
 To be with valleys even, and yet a hill ;
 From this, thus both attempt their uncouth skill.
 The father moves his wings, and with respect
 His eyes upon his wandering son reflect.
 They bear a spacious course, and the apt boy,
 Fearless of harm' in his new track doth joy,
 And flies more boldly. Now upon them looks
 The fishermen, that angle in the brooks ;
 And with their eyes cast upward, frighted stand.
 By this, is *Samos* isle on their left hand ;
 Upon the right, *Lebinthos* they forsake,
Astipale and the fishy lake ;
 Shady *Pachine* full of woods and groves.
 When the rash youth, too bold and vent'ring, roves ;
 Loseth his guide, and takes his flight so high,
 That the soft wax against the sun doth fry,
 And the cords slip that kept the feathers fast,
 So that his arms have power upon no blast.
 He fearfully from the high clouds looks down
 Upon the lower heavens, whose curl'd waves frown
 At his ambitious height, and from the skies
 He sees black night and death before his eyes.

Still melts the wax, his naked arms he shakes,
 And thinking to catch hold, no hold he takes
 But now the naked lad down headlong falls,
 And by the way, he Father, father, calls ?
 Help, father, help, I die ; and as he speaks,
 A violent surge his course of language breaks.
 Th' unhappy father (but no father now)
 Cries out aloud, Son *Icarus*, where art thou ?
 Where art thou, *Icarus*, where dost thou fly ?
Icarus, where art ? when lo, he may espy
 The feathers swim ; aloud he doth exclaim :
 The earth his bones, the sea still bears his name.

*Achilles his Concealment of his Sex in the Court of
 Lycomedes.*

Now from another world doth sail with joy,
 A welcome daughter to the king of *Troy*.
 The whilst the *Grecians* are already come,
 (Mov'd with that general wrong 'gainst *Ilium*)
Achilles in a smock his sex doth smother,
 And lays the blame upon his careful mother.
 What mak'st thou, great *Achilles*, teasing wool,
 When *Pallas* in a helm should clasp thy skull ?
 What do these fingers with fine threads of gold,
 Which were more fit a warlike shield to hold ?
 Why should that right hand rock or tow contain,
 By which the *Trojan Hector* must be slain ?
 Cast off thy loose veils, and thy armour take,
 And in thy hand the spear of *Pallas* shake.
 Thus lady-like he with a lady lay,
 Till what he was her belly must bewray ;
 Yet was she forc'd (so should we all believe)
 Not to be forc'd so, now her heart would grieve.
 When he should rise from her, still would she cry,
 (For he had arm'd him, and his rock laid by)
 And with a soft voice speak : *Achilles* stay,
 It is too soon to rise, lie down I pray ;
 And then the man that forc'd her she would kiss :
 What force (*Deidamea*) call you this ?

A Lover's Complaint.

From off a hill whose concave womb reworded
 A plaintful story from a fist'ring vale,
 My spirits t' attend this double voice accorded,
 And down I laid to lift the sad-tun'd tale,
 Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
 Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
 Storming her words with sorrow's wind and rain :

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
 Which fortify'd her visage from the sun,
 Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
 The carcase of a beauty spent and done.
 Time had not scithed all that youth begun,
 Nor youth all quit ; but spite of heaven's fell rage,
 Some beauty peep'd thro' lattice of fear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
 Which on it had conceited characters ;
 Laundering the silken figures in the brine,
 That season'd woe had pelleted in tears ;
 And often reading what contents it bears :
 As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
 In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
 As they did battery to the spheres intend ;
 Sometimes diverted, their poor balls are ty'd
 To th' orb'd earth ; sometimes they do extend
 Their view right on ; anon their gazes lend
 To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
 The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor ty'd in formal plat,
 Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride ;
 For some untuck'd descended her shav'd hat,
 Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside ;
 Some in her threaten fillet still did bide,
 And true to bondage, would not break from thence,
 Tho' slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew,
 Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet;
 Which one by one she in a river threw,
 Upon whose weeping margin she was set,
 Like usury applying wet to wet;
 Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fall,
 Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
 Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the floo
 Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
 Bidding them find their sepulchers in mud:
 Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
 With sleided silk, feat and affectedly
 Enswath'd and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
 And often kifs'd, and often gave a tear;
 Cry'd, O false blood! thou register of lyes,
 What unapprov'd witness dost him bear!
 Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!
 This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
 Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man, that graz'd his cattle nigh,
 Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
 Of court, of city, and had let go by
 The swiftest hours observed as they flew;
 Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew:
 And, privileg'd by age, desires to know,
 In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
 And comely distant sits he by her side;
 When he again desires her, being sat,
 Her grievance with his hearing to divide;
 If that from him there may be ought apply'd,
 Which may her suffering extasy assuage:
 'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, she says, tho' in me you behold
 The injury of many a blasting hour,
 Let it not tell your judgment I am old ;
 Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power :
 I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
 Fresh to myself, if I had self-apply'd
 Love to myself, and to no love beside.

But woe is me ! too early I attended
 A youthful suit ; it was to gain my grace ;
 O ! one by nature's outwards so commended,
 That maiden's eyes struck over all his face ;
 Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place ;
 And when in his fair parts she did abide,
 She was new lodg'd, and newly deify'd.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,
 And every light occasion of the wind
 Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls,
 What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find ;
 Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind :
 For on his visage was in little drawn,
 What largeness thinks in paradise was fawn.

Small shew of man, was yet upon his chin,
 His phoenix down began but to appear,
 Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
 Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear :
 Yet shew'd his visage by that cost most dear :
 And nice affections wavering, stood in doubt
 If best 'twere as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,
 For maiden-tong'd he was, and thereof free :
 Yet if men mov'd him, was he such a storm,
 As of 'twixt *May* and *April* is to see,
 When winds breath sweet, unruly tho' they be.
 His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth,
 Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride, and often men would say,
 That horse his mettle from his rider takes ;
 Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
 What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he
 And controversy hence a question takes, [makes !
 Whether the horse by him became his deed,
 Or he his, manag'd by th' well-doing steed ?

But quickly on this side the verdict went ;
 His real habitude gave life and grace
 To appertainings and to ornament,
 Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case ;
 All aids themselves made fairer by their place,
 Can for additions yet their purpose trim,
 Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
 All kinds of arguments and questions deep,
 All replication prompt, and reason strong,
 For his advantage still did wake and sleep,
 To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep.
 He had the dialect and different skill,
 Catching all passions in his craft of will ;

That he did in the general bosom reign
 Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,
 To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
 In personal duty, following where he haunted ;
 Consent's bewitched, ere he desire have granted ;
 And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
 Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,
 'To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind ;
 Like fools that in th' imagination set
 'The goodly objects, which abroad they find,
 Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd ;
 And labouring, in more pleasures to bestow them,
 Than the true gouty landlord, who doth own them.

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistrefs of his heart :
My woful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee simple, not in part,
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desir'd, yielded :
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I my honour shielded :
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

But ah ! however shunn'd by precedent
The destin'd ill, she must herself assay ?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put thy by-past perils in her way ?
Counsel may stop a while what will not stay :
For when we rage, advice is often seen,
By blunting us, to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others proof :
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms, that preach in our behoof.
O appetite ! from judgment stand aloof.
The one a palate hath, that needs will taste,
Tho' reason weep, and cry, It is thy last.

For further I could say this man's untrue,
And now the patterns of his foul beguiling,
Heard where his plants in other orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were glided in his smiling,
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling ;
Thought characters and words merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adult'rate heart.

And long upon these terms I held my city,
 Till thus he 'gan besiege me : Gentle maid,
 Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
 And be not of my holy vows afraid ;
 What's to you sworn, to none was ever said.
 For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
 Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow :

All my offences, that abroad you see,
 Are errors of the blood, none of the mind ;
 Love made them not, with acture they may be,
 Where neither party is nor true nor kind :
 They fought their shame, that so their shame did find,
 And so much less of shame in me remains,
 By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
 Not one whose flame my heart so much as warmed,
 Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
 Or any of my pleasures ever charmed ;
 Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harmed ;
 Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
 And reign'd commanding in his monarchy.

Look here what tributes wounded fancy sent me,
 Of pallid pearls and rubies red as blood ;
 Figuring, that they their passions likewise lent me,
 Of grief and blushes aptly understood ;
 In boldness white, and the encrimson'd mood,
 Effects of terror, and dear modesty,
 Encamp'd in hearts but fighting outwardly.

And lo ! behold these talents of their hair,
 With twisted metal amourosly empleach'd,
 I have receiv'd from many a several fair ;
 Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,
 With th' annexions of fair gems enrich'd ;
 And deep brain'd sonnets, that did amplify
 Each stone's dear nature, worth and quality :

The diamond ! why 'twas beautiful and hard,
 Whereto his invis'd properties did tend :
 The deep green emerald, in whose fresh regard
 Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend :
 The heaven-hued saphyr, and the opal blend
 With objects manifold ; each several stone,
 With wit well blazon'd, smil'd, or made some moan.

Lo ! all these trophies of affections hot,
 Of pensive and subdu'd desires, the tender ;
 Nature hath charg'd me, that I hoard them not,
 But yield them up where I myself must render :
 That is, to you my origin and ender.
 For these of force must your oblations be,
 Since I their altar, you empatron me.

O ! then advance (of yours) that phraseless hand,
 Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise !
 Take all these smiles at your command,
 Hallow'd with sighs, that burning lungs did raise ;
 What me your minister for you obeys,
 Works under you, and to your audit comes
 Their distract parcels, incombined fums,

Lo ! this device was sent me from a nun,
 Or sister sanctify'd, of holiest note,
 Which late her noble suit in court did shun ;
 Whose rarest havings made the blossoms doat,
 For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
 But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
 To spend her living in eternal love.

But O ! my sweet, what labour is't to leave
 The thing we have not, mast'ring what not strives ?
 Playing the place which did no form receive ;
 Playing patient sports in unconstrained gives !
 She that her fame so to herself contrives,
 The scars of battle scapeth, by the flight,
 And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

O! pardon me, in that my boast is true;
 The accident which brought me to her eye,
 Upon the moment did her force subdue,
 And now she would the caged cloister fly;
 Religious love put out religious eye:
 Not to be tempted, wou'd she be immur'd;
 And now to tempt, all liberty procur'd.

How mighty than are you, O hear me tell!
 The broken bosoms that to me belong,
 Have empty'd all their fountains in my well;
 And mine I pour your ocean all among.
 I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
 Much for your victory us all congeft,
 As compound love to phyfic your cold breast.

My parts had power to charm a sacred sun;
 Tho' disciplin'd, I dieted in grace,
 Believ'd her eyes, when they t' assail begun,
 All vows and consecrations giving place.
 O! most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
 In thee hath neither string, knot, nor confine,
 For thou art all and all things else are thine.

When thou impresseth, what are precepts worth,
 Of stale example? When thou wilt enflame,
 How coldy those impediments stand forth
 Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?
 Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst
 And sweetness in the suffering pang it bears, [shame,
 The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

Now all these hearts, that do on mine depend,
 Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,
 And supplicant, their sighs to you extend,
 'To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
 Lending soft audience to my sweet design;
 And credent soul to that strong bonded oath,
 That shall prefer and undertake my troth.

This said, his watry eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were level'd on my face,
Each cheek a river running from a fount,
With brinish current downward flow'd apace.
Oh! how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses,
'That flame thro' water which their hue incloses.

Oh! father! what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
Oh! cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath!
Both fire from hence, and chill extingture hath.

For lo! his passion but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daft,
Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears,
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting, tho' our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtil matter,
Apply'd to cauteless, all strange forms receives
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves
In either's aptness, as it best deceives:
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white, and swoon at tragic shows:

That not a heart which in his level came
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Shewing fair nature is both wild and tame:
And veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim;
Against the thing he sought, he wou'd exclaim;
When he most burnt in heart-wished luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

Thus merely with the garnet of a grace,
 The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;
 That th' unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,
 Which like a cherubim above them hover'd:
 Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?
 Ah me! I fell: and yet do question make,
 What I should do again for such a fake.

Oh! that infected moisture of his eye!
 Oh! that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd!
 Oh! that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly!
 Oh! that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd!
 Oh! all that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd!
 Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
 And new pervert a reconciled maid.

The Amorous Epistle of Paris to Helen.

Health unto *Leda's* daughter, *Priam's* son
 Sends in these lines, whose health cannot be won
 But by your gift, in whose power it may lie
 To make me whole or sick; to live or die.
 Shall I then speak, or doth my flame appear
 Plain without index? Oh! 'tis that I fear!
 My love without discovering smile takes place;
 And more than I could wish, shines in my face;
 When I could rather in my thoughts desire
 To hide the smoke, 'till time display the fire:
 Time that can make the fire of love shine clear,
 Untroubled with the misty smoke of fear.
 But I dissemble it; for who, I pray,
 Can fire conceal? that will itself betray;
 Yet if you look, I should affirm that plain
 In words, which in my count'nance I maintain.
 I burn, I burn, my faults I have confess'd,
 My words bear witness how my looks transgress'd.
 Oh! pardon me, that have confess'd my error,
 Cast not upon my lines a look of terror;
 But as your beauty is beyond compare,
 Suit unto that your looks (oh, you most fair!)

That

That you my letter have receiv'd by this,
 The supposition glads me, and I wish
 By hope encourag'd, hope that makes me strong,
 You will receive me in some sort ere long.
 I ask no more, than what the queen of beauty
 Hath promis'd me, for you are mine by duty,
 By her I claim you, you for me were made,
 And she it was my journey did persuade.
 Nor, lady, think your beauty vainly fought;
 I by divine instinct was hither brought:
 And to this enterprize the heavenly powers
 Have given consent, the gods proclaim me yours.
 I aim at wonders, for I covet you;
 Yet pardon me, I ask but what's my due,
Venus herself my journey hither led,
 And gives you freely to my promis'd bed.
 Under her conduct safe the seas I pass,
 Till I arriv'd upon these coasts at last:
 Shipping myself from the *Sygean* shore,
 Whence unto these confines my course I bore.
 She made the surges gentle, the winds fair;
 Nor marvel whence these calms proceeded are:
 Need must the power upon the salt seas have,
 That was sea-born, created from a wave.
 Still may she stand in her ability,
 And as she made the seas with much facility,
 To be thro'-sail'd; so may she calm my heat,
 And bear my thoughts to their desired seat,
 My flames I found not here; no, I protest,
 I brought them with me clos'd in my breast;
 Myself transported them without attorney,
 Love was the motive to my tedious journey.
 Not blust'ring winter, when he triumph'd most,
 Nor any error drove me to this coast:
 Not led by fortune where the rough winds please,
 Nor merchant-like, for gain cross'd I the seas.
 Fulness of wealth in all my fleet I see,
 I'm rich in all things, save in wanting thee.
 No spoil of petty nations my ships seeks,
 Nor land I as a spy among the *Greeks*.
 What need we? See, of all things we have store!
 Compar'd with *Troy*, alas your *Greece* is poor.

For

For thee I come, thy fame hath thus far driven me,
 Whom golden *Venus* hath by promise given me.
 I wish'd thee ere I knew thee, long ago,
 Before these eyes dwelt on this glorious show.
 I saw thee in my thoughts; know beauteous dame,
 I first beheld you with the eyes of fame.
 Nor marvel, lady, I was stroke so far.
 Thus darts or arrows sent from bows of war,
 Wound a great distance off: so I was hit
 With a deep smarting wound, that rankles yet.
 For so it pleas'd the fates, whom lest you blame,
 I'll tell a true tale to confirm the same.

When in my mother's womb full ripe I lay,
 Ready the first hour to behold the day,
 And she at point to be deliver'd strait,
 And to unlade her of her royal freight,
 My birth-hour was delay'd, and that sad night
 A fearful vision did the queen affright.
 In a son's stead, to please the aged fire,
 She dreamt she had brought forth a brand of fire.
 Frighted, she rises, and to *Priam* goes:
 To the old king this ominous dream she shows;
 He to the priest; the priest doth this return,
 That the child born should stately *Ilium* burn,
 Better than he was 'ware, the prophet guess'd.
 For lo! a kindled brand flames in my breast.
 To prevent fate, a peasant I was held,
 'Till my fair shape all other swains excell'd?
 And gave the doubtful world assurance good,
 Your *Paris* was deriv'd from royal blood.

Amid the *Idean* fields, there is a place
 Remote, full of high trees, which hide the face
 Of the green mantled earth, where in thick rows,
 The oak, the elm, the pine, the pitch tree grows,
 Here never yet did browse the wanton ewe,
 Nor from his plot the flow ox lick the dew.
 The savage goat that feeds among the rocks,
 Hath not grazed here, nor any of their flocks.
 Hence the *Dardanian* walls I might espy,
 The lofty towers of *Ilium* reared high.

Hence I the seas might from the firm land see,
 Which to behold, I lean'd me on a tree.
 Believe me, for I speak but what is true,
 Down from the sky, with feather'd pinions, flew
 The nephew to great *Atlas*, and doth stand,
 With golden *Caduceus* in his hand.
 This, as the gods to me thought good to show.
 I hold it good that you the same should know.
 Three goddesses behind young *Hermes* move;
 Great *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of *Love*;
 Who as in pomp and pride of gait they pass,
 Scarce with their weight they bend the tops of grass.
 Amaz'd I start, and endlong stands my hair,
 When *Maia's* son thus says; Abandon fear
 Thou courteous swain, that to these groves reparaest,
 And freely judge which of these three is fairest.
 And lest I should this curious sentence shun,
 He tells me by *Jove's* sentence all is done;
 And to be judge, I no way can eschew.
 This having said, up thro' the air he flew.
 I strait took heart-a-grace, and grew more bold;
 And there their beauties one by one behold.
 Why am I made the judge to give this doom?
 Methinks all three are worthy to o'ercome.
 To injure two such beauties what tongue dare?
 Or prefer one, where they be all so fair?
 Now this seems fairest, now again that other;
 Now would I speak, and now my thoughts I smother:
 And yet at length the praise of one most founded,
 And from that one my present love is grounded.
 The goddesses out of their earnest care,
 And pride of beauty to be held most fair,
 Seek, with large alms, and gifts of wond'rous price,
 To their own thoughts my censure to entice.
Juno the wife of *Jove* doth first enchant me;
 To judge her fairest, she a crown will grant me.
Pallas, her daughter, next doth undertake me;
 Give her the prize, and valiant she will make me.
 I strait devise which can most pleasure bring,
 To be a valiant soldier, or a king.
 Last *Venus* smiling, came with such a grace,
 As if she sway'd an empire in her face:

Let

Let not, (said she) these gifts the conquest bear,
 Combats and kingdoms are both fraught with fear.
 I'll give thee what thou lov'st best (lovely swain)
 The fairest faint that doth on earth remain,
 Shall be thine own: make thou the conquest mine,
 Fair *Leoda's* fairest daughter shall be thine.
 This said, when with myself I had devised,
 And her rich gift and beauty jointly prized;
Venus the victor o'er the rest is plac'd,
Juno and *Pallas* leave the mount disgrac'd.
 Mean time my fate a prosperous course had run,
 And by known signs King *Priam* call'd me son.
 The day of my restoring is kept holy
 Among the saints days, consecrated solely
 To my remembrance, being a day of joy
 For ever in the calendars of *Troy*.

As I wish you, I have been wish'd by others;
 The fairest maids by me would have been mothers:
 Of all my favours I bestow'd not any,
 You only may enjoy the loves of many.
 Nor by the daughters of great dukes and kings,
 Have I alone been sought, whose marriage rings
 I have turn'd back; but by a strain more high,
 By nymphs and faries, such as never die.
 No sooner were you promis'd as my due.
 But I all hated, to remember you;
 Waking, I saw your image; if I dreamt,
 Your beauteous figure still appear'd to tempt,
 And urge this voyage; till your face excelling,
 These eyes beheld my dreams were all of *Helen*.
 Image how your face should now incite me,
 Being seen, that unseen did so much delight me.
 If I was scorch'd so far off from the fire,
 How am I burnt to cinders thus much nigher!
 Nor could I longer owe myself this treasure,
 But through the ocean I must search my pleasure.
 The *Phrygian* hatchets to the roots are put
 Of the *Idean* pines; asunder cut,
 The woodland mountain yielded me large fees,
 Being despoil'd of all her tallest trees.

From

From whence we have squar'd out unnumber'd beams,
 That must be wash'd within the marine streams.
 The grounded oaks are bow'd, tho' stiff as steel,
 And to the tough ribs is the bending keel
 Woven by shipwrights craft; then the main mast,
 Across whose middle is the sail-yard plac'd,
 Tackles and sails; and next you may discern
 Our painted gods upon the hooked stern:
 The god that bears me on my happy way,
 And is my guide, is *Cupid*. Now the day
 In which the last stroke of the hammer's heard
 Within our navy, in the east appear'd:
 And I must now launch forth (so the fates please)
 To seek adventures in the *Ægean* seas:
 My father and my mother move delay,
 And by intreaties would inforce my stay:
 They hang about my neck, and with their tears
 Woo me, defer my journey; but their fears
 Can have no power to keep me from thy sight:
 And now *Cassandra*, full of sad affright,
 With loose dishevel'd trammels, madly skips,
 Just in the way betwixt me and my ships:
 O! whether wilt thou headlong run? she cries;
 Thou bearest fire with thee, whose smoke up-flies
 Unto the heavens (O *Jove*!) thou little fearest
 What quenchless flames thou thro' the water bearest.
Cassandra was too true a prophetess;
 Her quenchless flame she spake of (I confess)
 My hot desires burn in my breast so fast,
 That no red furnace hotter flames can cast.

I pass the city-gates, my bark I board,
 The favourable winds calm gales afford,
 And fill my sails: unto your land I steer,
 For whither else his course should *Paris* bear?
 Your husband entertains me as his guest,
 And all this happ'neth by the gods behest.
 He shews me all his pastures, parks, and fields,
 And every rare thing *Lacedæmon* yields.
 He holds himself much pleas'd with my being,
 And nothing hides that he esteems worth seeing.

I am on fire, till I behold your face,
 Of all *Achaia's* kingdom the sole grace.
 All other curious objects I defy,
 Nothing but *Helen* can content mine eye :
 Whom when I saw, I stood transform'd with wonder,
 Senseless, as one struck dead by *Jove's* sharp thunder.
 As I revive, my eyes I roll and turn,
 Whilst my flam'd thoughts with hotter fancies burn :
 Even so, as I remember, look'd love's queen,
 When she was last in *Phrygian* *Ida* seen ;
 Unto which place by fortune I was train'd,
 Where, by my censure, she the conquest gain'd.
 But had you made a fourth in that contention,
 Of *Venus'* beauty there had been no mention :
Helen assuredly had borne from all
 The prize of beauty, the bright golden ball.

Only of you may this your kingdom boast,
 By you it is renown'd in every coast :
 Rumour hath every where your beauty blaz'd.
 In what remote clime is not *Helen* prais'd ?
 From the bright eastern sun's up-rise, inquire,
 Even to his downfall where he flakes his fire ;
 There lives not any of your sex that dare
 Contend with you that are proclaim'd so fair,
 Trust me ; for truth I speak : nay, what's most true,
 Too sparingly the world hath spoke of you.
 Fame that hath undertook your name to blaze,
 Play'd but the envious housewife in your praise.
 More than report could promise, or flame blazon,
 Are these divine perfections that I gaze on :
 These were the same that made duke *Theseus* lavish,
 Who in thy prime and nonage did thee ravish :
 And worthy rape for such a worthy man !
 Thrice happy ravisher ! to seize thee then.
 When thou wer't stript stark naked to the skin ;
 A sight of force to make the gods to sin.
 Such is your country's guise, at seasons when
 With naked ladies they mix'd naked men.
 That he did steal thee from thy friends, I praise him ;
 And for that deed, I to the heavens will raise him.

That

That he return'd thee back, by *Jove* I wonder :
 Had I been *Theseus*, he that should asunder
 Have parted us, or snatch'd thee from my bed,
 First from my shoulders should have par'd my head :
 So rich a purchase, such a glorious prey,
 Should constantly have been detain'd for aye.
 Could these my strong arms possibly unclasp,
 Whilst in their amorous folds they *Helen* grasp ?
 Neither by forc'd constraint, nor by free giving,
 Could you depart that compass, and I living.
 But if by rough inforce I must restore you,
 Some fruits of love (which I so long have bore you)
 I first would reap, and some sweet favour gain,
 That all my suit were not bestow'd in vain.
 Either with me you shall abide and stay,
 Or for your pass your maidenhead should pay :
 Or say, I spar'd you that, yet would I try
 What other favour I could else come by ;
 All that belongs to love I would not miss,
 You should not let me both to clip and kiss.

Give me your heart, fair queen, my heart you owe,
 And what my resolution is, you know.
 Till the last fire, my breathless body take,
 The fire within my breast can never flake.
 Before large kingdoms I prefer your face,
 And *Juno's* love, and potent gifts disgrace ;
 To fold you in my amorous arms I chus'd,
 And *Pallas'* virtues scornfully refus'd :
 When they, with *Venus* on the hill of *Ida*,
 Made me the judge their beauties to decide.
 Not do I yet repent me, having took
 Beauty and strength, and sceptur'd rule forsook :
 Methinks I chus'd the best (nor think it strange)
 I still persist, and never mean to change.
 Only that my employment be not vain,
 (Oh ! you more worth than any empire's gain !)
 Let me intreat : lest you my birth should scorn,
 Or parentage, know, I am royal born ;
 By marrying me, you shall not wrong your state,
 Nor be a wife to one degenerate.

Search the records where we did first begin,
 And you shall find the *Pleiads* of our kin ;
 Nay, *Jove* himself, all others to forbear
 That in our stock renowned princes were.
 My father of all *Asia* reigns sole king,
 Whose boundless coast scarce any feather'd wing
 Can give a girdle to ; a happier land,
 A neighbour to the ocean cannot stand.
 There in a narrow compass you may see
 Cities and towers more than may numb'ed be !
 The houses gilt, rich temples that excel,
 And you will say, I near the great gods dwell.
 You shall behold high *Ilium's* lofty towers,
 And *Troy's* brave walls, built by no mortal powers :
 But made by *Phœbus*, the great god of fire,
 And by the touch of his melodious lyre.
 Ask if we have people to inhabit, when
 The sad earth groans to bear such troops of men ;
 Judge, *Helen*, likewise when ye come to land,
 The *Asian* women shall admiring stand,
 Saluting thee with welcome, more and less,
 In pressing throngs, and numbers numberless.
 More, that our courts can hold of you (most fair)
 You to yourself will say, Alas ! how bare
 And poor *Achaia* is ! when, with great pleasure,
 You see each house contain a city's treasure.

Mistake me not, I *Sparta* do not scorn,
 I hold the land blest where my love was born :
 Tho' barren else, rich *Sparta Helen* bore,
 And therefore I that province must adore.
 Yet is your land, methinks, but lean and empty,
 You worthy of a clime that flows with plenty :
 Full *Troy* I prostrate, it is yours by duty ;
 This petty feat becomes not your rich beauty.
 Attendance, preparation, curt'fy, state,
 Fit such a heavenly form : on which should wait
 Cost, fresh variety, delicious diet,
 Pleasure, contentment, and luxurious riot.
 What ornaments we use, what fashions feign,
 You may perceive by me and my proud train.

Thus

Thus we attire our men ; but with more cost
Of gold and pearl, the rich gowns are imboſt
Of our chief ladies ; gueſs by what you ſee,
You may be ſoon induced to credit me.

Be tractable, fair *Spartan*, nor contemn
A *Trojan* born, deriv'd from royal ſtem :
He was a *Trojan*, and ally'd to *Hector*,
That waits upon *Jove's* cup, and fills him neſtar.
A *Trojan* did the fair *Aurora* wed,
And nightly ſlept within her roſeat bed.
The goddeſs that ends night, and enters day,
From our fair *Trojan* coaſt ſtole him away.
Anchiſes was a *Trojan*, whom love's queen
(Making the trees of *Ida* a thick ſcreen
'Twixt heaven and her) oft lay with. View me well,
I am a *Trojan* too, in *Troy* I dwell.
Thy huſband *Menelaus* hither bring,
Compare our ſhapes, our years, and every thing :
I make you judges, wrong me if you can ;
You needs muſt ſay, I am the properer man.
None of my line hath turn'd the ſun to blood,
And robbed his ſteads of their ambroſial food.
My father grew not from the *Caucaſe'* rock,
Nor ſhall I graft you in a bloody ſtock.
Priam ne'er wrong'd the guiltleſs ſoul, or further,
Made the *Myrtean* ſea look red with murder :
Nor thirſteth my great grandfire in the lake
Of *Lethe*, chin deep, yet no thirſt can ſlake :
Nor after ripen'd apples vainly ſkip,
Who fly him ſtill, and yet ſtill touch his lips.
But what of this ? if you be ſo deriv'd,
You, notwithstanding, are no right depriv'd :
You grace your ſtock, and being ſo divine,
Jove is of force compell'd into your line.

Oh miſchief ! whiſt I vainly ſpeak of this,
Your huſband all unworthy of ſuch bliſs,
Enjoys you this long night, enfolds your waſt,
And where he liſts, may boldly touch and taſte.

So when you sat at table, many a toy
 Passeth between you, my vex'd soul t' annoy.
 At such high feasts I wish my enemy sit,
 Where discontent attends on every bit.
 I never yet was plac'd at any feast,
 But oft it irk'd me that I was your guest.
 That which offends me most, thy rude lords knows;
 For still his arms about thy neck he throws.
 Which I no sooner spy, but I grow mad,
 And hate the man whose courting makes me sad.
 Shall I be plain? I am ready to sink down,
 When I behold him wrap you in his gown;
 When you sit smiling on his amorous knee,
 His fingers press where my hands itch to be.
 But when he hugs you, I am forc'd to frown;
 The meat I'm eating will by no means down,
 But sticks half way: amidst these discontents,
 I have observed you laugh at my laments,
 And with a scornful, yet a wanton smile,
 Deride my sighs and groans. Oft to beguile
 My passions, and to quench my fiery rage,
 By quaffing healths I've thought the flame t' assuage;
 But *Bacchus'* full cups make my flames burn higher,
 And wine to love, and you add fire to fire.
 To shun the sight of many a wanton feat,
 Betwixt your lord and you, I shift my seat,
 And turn my head; but thinking of your grace,
 Love screws my head to gaze back on your face.
 What were I best to do? to see you play,
 Mads me, and I perforce must turn away;
 And to forbear the place where you abide,
 Would kill me dead, should I but start aside.
 As much as lies in me, I strive to bury
 The shape of love, and in mirth's spite seem merry.
 But oh! the more I seek it to suppress,
 The more my blabbing looks my love profess.

You know my love which I in vain should hide;
 Would God it did appear to none beside!
 Oh *Jove!* how often have I turn'd my cheek,
 To hide th' apparent tears, that passage seek

From

From forth my eyes, and to a corner stept,
 Lest any man should ask wherefore I wept.
 How oft have I told you piteous tales,
 Of constant lovers, and how love prevails?
 When such great heed to my discourse I took.
 That every accent suited to your look.
 In forged names myself I represented:
 The lover so perplex'd and so tormented,
 If you will know, behold I am the same;
Paris was meant in that true lover's name.
 As often, that I might the more securely,
 Speak loose immodest words, that sound impurely,
 That they offenceless might your sweet ears touch,
 I've list'd them up, like one had drunk too much.
 Once I remember, your loose veil betray'd
 Your naked skin, and a fair passage made
 To my enamour'd eye: Oh! skin much brighter
 Than snow, or purest milk, in colour whiter
 Than your fair mother *Leda*, when *Jove* grac'd her,
 And in the shape of feather'd swan embrac'd her.
 Whilst at this ravishing sight I stood amaz'd,
 And without interruption freely gaz'd,
 The wretched handle of the bowl I grasp'd,
 Fell from my hold, my strengthless hand unclasp'd.
 A goblet at that time I held by chance,
 And down I fell, for I was in a trance.
 Kiss your fair daughter, and to her I skip,
 And snatch your kisses from your sweet child's lip.
 Sometimes I throw myself along, and lie,
 Singing love-songs; and if you cast your eye
 On my effeminate gesture, I still find
 Some pretty cover'd signs to speak my mind;
 And then my earnest suit bluntly invades
Aethra and *Climene*, your two chief maids.
 But they return me answers full of fear,
 And to my motions lend no further ear.
 Oh! that you were the prize of some great strife.
 And he that wins might claim you for his wife.
Hippomenes with swift *Atlanta* ran,
 And at one course the goal and lady won;

Even she, by whom so many suitors perish'd,
 Was in the bosom of her new love cherish'd.
 So *Hercules* for *Dejanaira* strove,
 Brake *Achelous'* horn, and gain'd his love.
 Had I such liberty, such freedom granted,
 My resolution never could be daunted.
 Yourself should find, and all the world should see,
Helen a prize alone reserv'd for me.
 There is not left me any means (most fair)
 To court you now, but by intreats and prayer ;
 Unless (as it becomes me) you think meet,
 That I should prostrate fall, and kiss your feet.
 Oh ! all the honour that our last age wins,
 Thou glory of the two *Tindarian* twins !
 Worthy to be *Jove's* wife, in heaven to reign,
 Were you not *Jove's* own daughter, of his strain.
 To the *Sygean* confines I will carry thee.
 And in the temple of great *Pallas*, marry thee :
 Or in this island where I vent my moans,
 I'll beg a tomb for my exiled bones.
 My wound is not a slight raze with an arrow,
 But it hath pierc'd my heart, and burnt my marrow.
 This prophecy my sister oft hath sounded,
 That by an heavenly dart I should be wounded.
 Oh ! then forbear (fair *Helen* !) to oppose you
 Against the gods, they say I shall not lose you.
 Yield you to their behest, and you shall find
 The gods to your petitions likewise kind,
 A thousand things at once are in my brain,
 Which that I may essentially complain,
 And not in papers empty all my head,
 Anon at night receive me to your bed.
 Blush you at this ? or lady do you fear
 To violate the nuptial laws austere ?
 Oh ! simple *Helen* ! foolish I might say,
 What profit reap you to be chaste I pray ?
 Is't possible, that you a world to win,
 Should keep that face, that beauty, without sin ?
 Rather you must your glorious face exchange
 For one (less fair) or else not seem so strange,

Beauty

Beauty and chastity at variance are,
 'Tis hard to find one woman chaste and fair.
Venus will not have beauty over-aw'd,
 High *Jove* himself stolen pleasures will applaud;
 And by such thievish pastimes we may gather
 How *Jove* 'gainst wedlock's laws became your father.
 He and your mother *Læda* both transgress'd.
 When you were got she bare a tender breast.
 What glory can you gain love-sweets to smother?
 Or to be counted chaster than your mother?
 Profess strict chastity, when with great joy,
 I lead you as my bride espous'd through *Troy*.
 Then I intreat you rein your pleasures in,
 I wish thy *Paris* may be all thy sin.
 If *Cithæria* her firm covenant keep,
 Tho' I within your bosom nightly sleep,
 We shall not much misdo, but so offend,
 That we by marriage may our guilt amend.

Your husband hath himself this business aided,
 And (tho' not with his tongue) he hath persuaded,
 By all his deeds (as much) lest he should stay
 Our private meetings, he is far away,
 Of purpose rid unto the farthest *West*,
 That he might leave his wife unto his guest.
 No fitter time he could have found to visit
 The *Chrisean* royal scepter, and to seize it.
 Oh! simple, simple husband! but he's gone,
 And going, left you this to think upon.
 Fair wife, (quoth he) I pr'ythee in my place
 Regard the *Trojan* prince, and do him grace.
 Behold, a witness I against you stand,
 You have been careless of this kind command.
 Count from his first day's journey, never since
 Did you regard or grace the *Trojan* prince.
 What think you of your husband? that he knows
 The worth and value of the face he owes?
 Who (but a fool) such beauty would endanger?
 Or trust it to the mercy of a stranger?
 Then, royal queen! if neither may intreat,
 My quenchless passion, nor love's raging heat

Can win you ; we are woo'd both to this crime,
 Even by the fit advantage of the time :
 Either to love sweet sport we must agree,
 Or shew ourselves to be worse fools than he.
 He took you by the hand the hour he rode,
 And knowing I with you must make abode,
 Brings you to me ; what should I further say ?
 It was his mind to give you quite away.

What meant he else ? then let's be blythe and jolly,
 And make the best use of your husband's folly.
 What should we do ? your husband is far gone,
 And this cold night (poor soul) you lie alone.
 I want a bedfellow, so do we either,
 What lets us then, but that we lie together ?
 You slumbring think on me, on you I dream,
 Both our desires are fervent and extreme.
 Sweet, then appoint the night, why do you stay,
 O night ! more clearer than the brightest day.
 Then I dare freely speak, protest, and swear,
 And of my vows the gods shall record bear.
 Then will I seal the contract and the strife,
 From that day forward we are man and wife :
 Then questionless I shall so far persuade,
 That you with me shall *Troy's* rich coast invade,
 And with your *Pbrygian* guest at last agree,
 Our potent kingdom, and rich crown to see.
 But if you (blushing) fear the vulgar bruit,
 That says you follow me, to me make suit,
 Fear it not, *Helen* ; I'll so work with fame,
 I will (alone) be guilty of all blame.

Duke *Theseus* was my instance, and so were
 Your brothers, lady ; can I come more near,
 To ensample my attempts by ? *Theseus* hal'd
Helen perforce : your brothers they prevail'd
 With the *Leucippian* sisters ; now from these,
 I'll count myself the fourth (if *Helen* please.)
 Our *Trojan* navy rides upon the coast,
 Rigg'd, arm'd, and mann'd, and I can proudly boast,
 The

The banks are high, why do you longer stay ?
 The winds and oars are ready to make way.
 You shall be like a high majestic queen,
 Led through the *Dardan* city, and be seen
 By millions, who your state having commended,
 Will (wond'ring) swear, some goddess is descended.
 Where'er you walk the priests shall incense burn,
 No way you shall your eye or body turn,
 But sacrificed beasts the ground shall beat,
 And bright religious fires the welkin heat.
 My father, mother, brother, sisters, all
Ilium and *Troy* in pomp majestic,
 Shall with rich gifts present you (but alas !)
 Not the least part (so far they do surpass)
 Can my epistle speak ; you may behold
 More than my words or writings can unfold.

Nor fear the bruit of war, or threatening steel,
 When we are fled, to dog us at the heel ;
 Or that all *Græcia* will their powers unite :
 Of many ravish'd, can you one recite
 Whom war repurchas'd ? these be idle fears,
 Rough blust'ring *Boreas* fair *Orithea* bears
 Unto the land of *Thrace*, yet *Thrace* still free,
 And *Athens* rais'd no rude hostility.
 In winged *Pegasus* did *Jason* sail ;
 And from great *Choleos* he *Medea* stole :
 Yet *Thessaly* you see can shew no scar
 Of former wounds in the *Thessalian* war.
 He that first ravish'd you, in such a fleet
 As ours is, *Ariadne* brought from *Crete*.
 Yet *Minos* and duke *Theseus* were agreed,
 About that quarrel not a breast did bleed.
 Less is the danger (trust me) than the fear,
 That in these vain and idle thoughts appear.
 But say, rude war should be proclaim'd at length,
 Know I am valient, and have sinewy strength.
 The weapons that I use are apt to kill.
Asia besides more spacious fields can fill
 With armed men, than *Greece*. Amongst us are
 More perfect soldiers, more beasts apt for war.

Nor can thy husband *Menelaus* be
 Of any high spirit and magnanimity ;
 Or so well prov'd in arms: for *Helen* I,
 Being but a lad, have made my enemies fly ;
 Regain'd the prey from out the hands of thieves,
 Who had despoil'd our herds, and stol'n our beeves.
 By such adventures I my name obtain'd,
 (Being but a lad) the conquest I have gain'd
 Of young men in their prime, who much could do :
Deiphobus, *Ilioneus* too
 I have o'ercome in many sharp contentions ;
 Nor think these are my vain and forg'd inventions ;
 Or that I only hand to hand can fight,
 My arrows when I please shall touch the white ;
 I am expert i'th' quarry and the bow,
 You cannot boast your heartless husband so.
 Had you the power in all things to supply me,
 And should you nothing in the world deny me ;
 To give me such a *Hector* to my brother,
 You could not, the earth bears not such another.
 By him alone all *Asia* is well mann'd ;
 He like an enemy against *Greece* shall stand ;
 Oppos'd to your best fortunes, wherefore strive you ?
 You do not know his valour that must wive you,
 Or what hid worth is in me ; but at length
 You will confess when you have prov'd my strength.
 Thus either war shall still our steps pursue,
 Or *Greece* shall fall in *Troy*'s all conquering view.
 Nor would I fear for such a royal wife,
 To set the universal world at strife.
 To gain rich prizes, men will venture far,
 The hope of purchase make us bold in war.
 If all the world about you should contend,
 Your name should be eterniz'd without end ;
 Only be bold ; and fearless may we sail
 Into my country, with a prosperous gale !
 If the gods grant me my expected day,
 It to the full shall all these covenants pay.

Helen to Paris.

No sooner came mine eye unto the sight
 Of thy rude lines, but I must needs re-write.
 Dar'st thou (O shameless) in such heinous wise,
 The laws of hospitality despise?
 And being a stranger from thy country's reach,
 Solicit a chaste wife to wedlock's breach?
 Was it for this our free *Tenarian* port
 Receiv'd thee and thy train, in friendly sort!
 And when great *Neptune* nothing could appease,
 Gave thee safe harbour from the stormy seas?
 Was it for this, our kingdom's arms spread wide
 To entertain thee from the water-side?
 Yet thou of foreign soil remote from hence,
 A stranger, coming we scarce knew from whence.
 Is perjur'd wrong the recompence of right?
 Is all our friendship guerdon'd with despite?
 I doubt me then, whether in our court doth tarry
 A friendly guest, or a fierce adversary.
 Nor blame me, for if justly you consider,
 And these presumptions well compare together,
 So simple my complaint will not appear,
 But you yourself must needs excuse my fear.
 Well, hold me simple, much it matters not,
 Whilst I preserve my chaste name far from spot;
 For when I seem touch'd with a bashful shame,
 It shews how highly I regard my fame.
 When I seem sad, my countenance is not feign'd;
 And when I lour, my look is unconstrain'd.
 But say my brow be cloudy, my name's clear,
 And reverently you shall of *Helen* hear.
 No man from me adulterate spoils can win;
 For to this hour I have sported without sin:
 Which makes me in my heart the more to wonder,
 What hope you have in time to bring me under:
 Or from mine eye what comfort thou canst gather,
 To pity thee, and not despise thee rather.
 Because once *Theseus* hurry'd me from hence,
 And did to me a kind of violence;

Follows

Follows it therefore, I am of such price,
 That ravish'd once, I should be ravish'd twice ?
 Was it my fault, because I striv'd in vain,
 And wanted strength his fury to restrain ?
 He flatter'd, and spake fair, I struggled still ;
 And what he got, was much against my will.
 Of all his toil, he reap'd no wished fruit,
 For with my wrangling I withstood his suit.
 At length I was restor'd, untouch'd, and clear ;
 In all my *Rape*, I suffer'd nought save fear :
 A few untoward kisses he (God wot)
 Of further favours he could never boast ;
 Dry, without relish, by much striving got,
 And them with much ado, and to his cost.
 I doubt your purpose aims at greater blisses,
 And hardly would alone be pleas'd with kisses.
 Thou hast some further aim, and seek'st to do
 What *Jove* defend, I should consent unto.
 He bore not thy bad mind, but did restore me
 Unblemish'd to the place from whence he bore me.
 The youth was bashful, and thy boldness lack'd,
 And 'tis well known, repented his bold fact.
Thesus repented, so should *Paris* do,
 Succeed in love and in repentance too.
 Nor am I angry ; who can angry be
 With him that loves her ? if your heart agree
 With your kind words, your suit I could applaud,
 So I were sure your lines were void of fraud.
 I cast not these strange doubts, or this dispense,
 Like one that were bereft all confidence ;
 Nor that I with myself am in disgrace,
 Or do not know the beauty of my face :
 But because too much trust hath damag'd such
 As have believ'd men in their loves too much.
 And now the general tongue of women saith,
 Mens words are full of treason, void of faith.

Let others sin, and hours of pleasure waste,
 'Tis rare to find the sober matron chaste.
 Why ? say it be that sin prevails with fair ones,
 May not my name be rank'd among the rare ones ?

Because

Because my mother *Læda* was beguil'd,
 Must I stray too, that am her eldest child ?
 I must confess my mother made a rape,
 But *Jove* beguil'd her in a borrow'd shape :
 When she (poor soul) nor dreamt of god nor man,
 He trod her like a milk-white feather'd swan.
 She was deceiv'd by error ; if I yield
 To your unjust request, nothing can shield
 Me from reproach ; I cannot plead concealing :
 'Twas in her, error ; 'tis in me, plain dealing.
 She happily err'd ; he that her honour spilt,
 Had in himself full power to salve the guilt.
 Her error happy'd me too (I confess) -
 If to be *Jove's* child, be a happiness.

T' omit high *Jove*, of whom I stand in awe,
 As the great grandfire to our father-in-law ;
 To pass the kin I claim from *Tantalus*,
 From *Pelops*, and from noble *Tindarus* ;
Læda by *Jove*, in shape of swan, beguil'd,
 Herself so chang'd, and by him made with child,
 Proves *Jove* my father. Then you idly strive,
 Your name from gods and princes to derive.
 What need you of old *Priam* make relation,
Laomedon, or your great *Phrygian* nation ?
 Say all be true ; what then ? He of whom most
 To be of your alliance you so boast,
Jove (five degrees at least) from you remov'd,
 To be the first from me, is plainly prov'd.
 And tho' (as I believ'd well) *Troy* may stand
 Powerful by sea, and full of strength by land ?
 And no dominion to your state superior,
 I hold our clime nothing to *Troy* inferior.
 Say, you in riches pass us, or in number
 Of people, whom you boast your streets to cumber :
 Yet yours a barbarous nation is, I tell you,
 And in that kind do we of *Greece* excel you.
 Your rich epistle doth such gifts present,
 As might the goddesses themselves content,
 And woo them to your pleasure : but if I
 Shall pass the bounds of shame, and tread awry ;

If ever you should put me to my shifts,
 Yourself should move me more than all your gifts.
 Or if I ever shall transgress by stealth,
 It shall be for your sake, not for your wealth.
 But as your gifts I scorn not, so such seem
 Most precious, where the giver we esteem.
 More than your presents it shall *Helen* please,
 That you for her have past the stormy seas :
 That she hath caus'd your toil, that you respect her,
 And more than all your *Trojan* dames affect her.

But you're a wag in troth, the notes and signs
 You make at table, in the meats and wines,
 I have observ'd, when I least seem'd to mind them,
 For at the first my curious eye did find them.
 Sometimes (you wanton) your fix'd eye advances
 His brightness against mine, darting sweet glances,
 Out-gazing me with such a stedfast look,
 'That my daz'd eyes their splendor have forfok ;
 And then you sigh, and by and by you stretch
 Your amorous arm outright, the bowl to reach
 'That next me stands, making excuse to sip
 Just in the self-same place that kiss'd my lip.
 How oft have I observ'd your finger make
 'Tricks and conceited signs, which strait I take ?
 How often doth your brow your smooth thoughts cloke
 When, to my seeming, it hath almost spoke ?
 And still I fear'd my husband would have spy'd you ;
 In troth you are to blame, and I must chide you.
 You are too manifest a lover (tush)
 At such known signs I could not chuse but blush.
 And to myself I oft was forc'd to say
 This man at nothing shames. Is this (I pray)
 Ought save the truth ! Oft-times upon the board
 Where *Helen* was engraven, you the word
Amo have underwrit, in new-spilt wine :
 (Good sooth) at first I could not scan the line,
 Nor understand your meaning. Now (oh ! spite)
 Myself am now taught so to read and write.
 Should I offend, as sin to me is strange,
 'These blandishments have power chaste thoughts to change.
 Or

Or if I could be mov'd to step astray,
 These would provoke me to lascivious play :
 Besides, I must confess, you have a face
 So admirable rare, so full of grace,
 That it hath power to woo, and to make seizure
 Of the most bright chaste beauties to your pleasure.
 Yet had I rather stainless keep my fame,
 Than to a stranger hazard my good name.
 Make me your instance, and forbear the fair ;
 Of that which most doth please you, make most spare.
 The greatest virtues, of which wise men boast,
 Is to abstain from that which pleaseth most.
 How many gallant youths (think you) desire
 That which you covet, scorch'd with the self-same fire ?
 Are all the world fools ? only *Paris* wise ?
 Or is there none, save you, have judging eyes ?
 No, no, you view no more than others see,
 But you are plainer and more bold with me.
 You are more earnest to pursue your game ;
 I yield you not more knowledge, but less shame.
 I would to God that you had fail'd from *Troy*,
 When my virginity and bed t' enjoy,
 A thousand gallant princely suitors came :
 Had I beheld young *Paris*, I proclaim,
 Of all those thousand I had made you chief,
 And *Spartan Menelaus*, to his grief,
 Should to my censure have subscrib'd and yielded.
 But now (alas !) your hopes are weakly builded :
 You covet goods possess'd, pleasures foretasted ;
 Tardy you come, that should before have halted ;
 What you desire, another claims as due :
 As I could wish to have been espous'd to you.
 So let me tell you, since it is my fate,
 I hold me happy in my present state.
 Then cease, fair prince, an idle suit to move,
 Seek not to harm her whom you seem to love.
 In my contented state let me be guided,
 As both my states and fortunes have provided ;
 Nor in so vain a quest your spirits toil,
 To seek at my hands an unworthy spoil.

But see how soon poor women are deluded,
Venus herself this covenant hath concluded :
 For in the *Idean* vallies you espy
 Three goddesses, stripp'd naked to your eye ;
 And when the first had promis'd you a crown,
 The second fortitude and war's renown ;
 The third bespake you thus ; Crown, nor war's pride,
 Will I bequeath, but *Helen* to thy bride.
 I scarce believe those high immortal creatures
 Would to your eye expose their naked features.
 Or say the first part of your tale be pure,
 And meet with truth, the second's false I'm sure ;
 In which poor I was thought the greatest meed,
 In such a high cause by the gods decreed.
 I have not of my beauty such opinion,
 'T' imagine it preferr'd before dominion,
 Or fortitude ; nor can your words persuade me,
 The greatest gift of all the goddesses made me.
 It is enough to me men praise my face,
 But from the gods I merit no such grace :
 Nor doth the praise, you charge me with, offend me,
 If *Venus* do not enviously commend me.
 But lo ! I grant you, and imagine true
 Your free report, claiming your praise as due.
 Who would in pleasing things call fame a liar,
 But give that credit which you most desire ?

That we have mov'd these doubts, be not you griev'd,
 The greatest wonders are the least believ'd :
 Know then, I first am pleas'd that *Venus* ought me
 Such undeserv'd grace ; next that you thought me
 The greatest meed. Nor scepter, nor war's fame,
 Did you prefer before poor *Helen's* name.
 (Hard heart ! 'tis time thou shouldst at last come down)
 Therefore I am your valour, I your crown.
 Your kindness conquers me, do what I can ;
 I were hard-hearted not to love this man.
 Obdurate I was never, and yet coy
 To favour him whom I can ne'er enjoy.
 What profits it the barren sands to plough,
 And in the furrows our affections sow ?

In the sweet theft of *Venus* I am rude,
 And know not how my husband to delude.
 Now I these love-lines write, my pen, I vow,
 Is a new office taught, not known till now.
 Happy are they that in this trade have skill;
 Alas! I am a fool, and shall be still;
 And having till this hour not stept astray,
 Fear in these sports lest I should miss my way.
 The fear (no doubt) is greater then the blame,
 I stand confounded, and amaz'd with shame;
 And with the very thought of what you seek,
 Think every eye fix'd on my guilty cheek.
 Nor are these suppositions merely vain,
 The murmuring people whisperingly complain;
 And my maid *Ethra* hath, by list'ning slyly,
 Brought me such news, as touch'd mine honour highly.
 Wherefore (dear lord) dissemble or desist;
 Being over-ey'd, we cannot as we list
 Fashion our sports, our loves pure harvest gather;
 But why should you desist? Dissemble rather.
 Sport, but in secret; sport where none may see:
 The greater, but not greatest liberty
 Is limited to our lascivious play,
 That *Menelaus* is far hence away.
 My husband about great affairs is posted,
 Leaving his royal guest securely hosted;
 His business was important and material,
 Being employ'd about a crown imperial.
 And as he now is mounted on his steed,
 Ready on his long journey to proceed:
 Even as he questions to depart or stay,
 Sweet-heart (quoth I) Oh! be not long away.
 With that he reach'd me a sweet parting kiss,
 (How loth he was to leave me, guess by this:)
 Farewel, fair wife (saith he) bend all thy cares
 To my domestic business, home-affairs;
 But as the thing that I affection best,
 Sweet wife, look well unto my *Trojan* guest.
 It was no sooner out; but with much pain
 My itching spleen from laughter I restrain;

Which

Which striving to keep in, and bridle still,
 At length I rung forth these few words (*I will*) .
 He's on his journey to the isle of *Crete*,
 But think not we may therefore safely meet :
 He is so absent, that as present I
 Am still within his reach, his ear, his eye ;
 And tho' abroad, his power at home commands,
 For know you not kings have long-reaching hands ?
 The fame for beauty you besides have given me,
 Into a great exigent hath driven me.
 The more your commendation fill'd his ear,
 The more just cause my husband hath to fear ;
 Nor marvel you the king hath left me so,
 Into remote and and foreign climes to go :
 Much confidence he dares repose in me,
 My carriage, haviour, and my modesty ;
 My beauty he mistrusts, my heart relies in ;
 My face he fears, my chaste life he affies in.

To take time now when time is, you persuade me,
 And with his apt fit absence you invade me ;
 I would but fear, nor is my mind well set ;
 My will would further what my fear doth let.
 I have no husband here, and you no wife ;
 I love your shape, you mine, dear as your life.
 The nights seem long to such as sleep alone,
 Our letters meet to interchange our moan.
 You judge me beauteous, I esteem you fair,
 Under one roof we lovers lodged are.
 And (let me die) but every thing consider,
 Each thing persuades us we shall lie together.
 Nothing we see molests us, nought we hear,
 And yet my forward will is slack thro' fear.
 I would to God, that what you ill persuade,
 You could as well compel ; so I were made
 Unwilling willing, pleasingly abus'd,
 So my simplicily might be excus'd.
 Injury's force is oft-times wond'rous pleasing,
 To such as suffer ease in their diseasing ;
 If what I will, you 'gainst my will should do,
 I with such force could be well pleased too.

But whilst our love is young and in the bud,
 Suffer his infant vigour be withstood :
 A flame new kindled is as easily quench'd
 And sudden sparks in little drops are drench'd.
 A traveller's-love is, like himself, unslay'd,
 And wanders where he walks ; it is not laid
 On any firmer ground ; for when we alone
 Think him to us, the wind blows fair, he's gone.
 Witness *Hyppisile*, alike betray'd ;
 Witness with her the bright *Mynoyan* maid :
 Nay then yourself, as you yourself have spoken,
 To fair *Oenone* have your promise broken.
 Since I beheld your face first, my desire
 Hath been, of *Trojan Paris* to enquire.
 I know you now in every true respect,
 I'll grant you thus much then, say you affect
 Me (whom you term your own.) I'll go thus far ;
 Do not the *Phrygian* mariners prepare
 Their sails and oars, ev'n now whilst we recite
 Exchange of words about the wish'd night ?
 Say that even now you were prepar'd to climb
 My long-wish'd bed, just at th' appointed time
 The wind should alter, and blow fair for *Troy*,
 You must break off, in midst of all your joy,
 And leave me in the infancy of pleasure ;
 Amid my riches, I shall lose my treasure.
 You will forsake the sweets my bed affords,
 T' exchange for cabins, hatches and pitch'd boards.
 Then what a sickle courtship you commence,
 When, with the first wind, all your love blows hence ?
 But shall I follow you when you are gone,
 And be the grandchild to *Laomedon* !
 And *Ilium* see, whose beauty you proclaim ?
 I do not so despise the bruit of fame,
 That she to whom I am indebt such thanks,
 Should fill the earth with such adulterate pranks.
 What will *Achaia* ? What will *Sparta* say ?
 What will your *Troy* report, and *Asia* ?
 What my old *Prian*, or his reverend queen ?
 What may your sisters, having *Helen* seen.

Or

Or your *Dardanian* brothers deem of me ?
 Will they not blame my loose in chastity ?
 Nay, how can you yourself faithful deem me,
 And not amongst the loosest dames esteem me ?
 No stranger shall your *Asian* ports come near,
 But he shall fill your guilty soul with fear.
 How often, angry at some small offence,
 Will you thus say ; Adult'refs, get the hence ?
 Forgetting you yourself have been the chief
 In my transgression, tho' not in my grief.
 Consider what it is, forgetful lover,
 To be sin's author, and sin's sharp reprover.
 But ere the least of all these ills betide me,
 I wish the earth may in her bosom hide me.

But I shall all your *Phrygian* wealth possess,
 And more than your epistle can express :
 Gifts, woven gold, imbroidery, rich attire,
 Purple and plate, or what I can desire.
 Yet give me leave, think you all this extends
 To countervail the loss of my chief friends ?
 Whose friendship, or whose age shall I imploy
 To succour me, when I am wrong'd in *Troy* ?
 Or whether can I, having thus misdome,
 Unto my father, or my brothers run ?
 As much as you to me, false *Jason* swore
 Unto *Medea*, yet from *Aeson's* door
 He after did exile her. Now, poor heart,
 Where is thy father that should take thy part ?
 Old *Aetes* or *Calciopé* ? thou took'st
 No aid from them, whom thou before forsook'st.
 Or say thou didst (alas ! they cannot hear
 Thy sad complaints) yet I no such thing fear ;
 No more *Medea* did : good hopes engage
 Themselves so far, they fail in their presage.
 You see the ships that in the main are tofs'd,
 And many times by tempests wreck'd and lost,
 Had, at their launching from the haven's mouth,
 A smooth sea, and a calm gale from the south.
 Besides, the brand your mother dreamt she bare,
 The night before your birth, breeds me fresh care.

It prophesy'd, ere many years expire,
 Inflam'd *Troy* must burn with *Greekish* fire.
 As *Venus*, favours you, because she gain'd
 A doubtful prize by you ; yet the disdain'd
 And vanquish'd goddesses, disgrac'd so late,
 May bear you hard ; I therefore fear their hate.
 Nor make no question, but if I comfort you,
 And for a ravisher our *Greece* report you ;
 War will be wag'd with *Troy*, and you shall rue
 The sword (alas !) your conquest shall pursue.
 When *Hypodamia*, at her bridal feast,
 Was rudely ravish'd by her *Centaur* guest ;
 Because the salvages the bride durst seize,
 War grew betwixt them and the *Laprythes*.
 Or think you *Menelaus* hath no spleen ?
 Or that he hath not power to avenge his teen ?
 Or that old *Tyndarus* this wrong can smother ?
 Or the two famous twins, each lov'd of other ?

So where your valour and rare deeds you boast,
 And warlike spirits in which you triumph'd most ;
 By which you have attain'd 'mongst soldiers grace,
 None will believe you, that but sees your face.
 Your feature, and fair shape, is fitter far
 For amorous courtships, than remorseless war.
 Let rough-hew'd soldiers warlike dangers prove,
 'Tis pity *Paris* should do ought save love.
Hector (whom you so praise) for you may fight ;
 I'll find you war to skirmish every night,
 Which shall become you better. Were I wise,
 And bold withal, I might obtain the prize :
 In such sweet single combats, hand to hand,
 'Gainst which no woman that is wise will stand.
 My champion I'll encounter breast to breast,
 Tho' I were sure to fall, and be o'erprest.

If that you private conference intreat me,
 I apprehend you, and you cannot cheat me :
 I know the meaning, durst I yield thereto,
 Of what you would confer, what you would do.

You

You are too forward, you too far would wade ;
 But yet (God knows) your harvest's in the blade.
 My tired pen shall here its labour end,
 A guilty sense in thievish lines I send.
 Speak next when your occasion best persuades,
 By *Clymene* and *Æthra* my two maids.

The passionate Shepherd to his Love.

Live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasure prove,
 That hills and valleys dale and field,
 And all the craggy mountains yield.
 There will we sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, by whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.
 There will I make thee beds of roses
 With a thousand fragrant posies ;
 A cap of flowers, and a girdle
 Imbroider'd all with leaves of myrtle ;
 A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
 Fair lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold ;
 A belt of straw and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps, and amber studs.
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.
 The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight each *May* morning.
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

The Nymph's to the Shepherd.

If that the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue ;
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee, and be thy love,

Time

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
 When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold ;
 And *Philomel* becometh dumb,
 And all complain of cares to come.
 The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
 To wayward winter reckoning yield :
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.
 Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy bed of roses,
 Thy cap, thy girdle, and thy posies ;
 Some break, some wither, some forgotten,
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.
 Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds ;
 Thy coral clasps, and amber studs ;
 All these in me no means can move
 To come to thee, and be thy love.
 But could youth last, and love still breed,
 Had joys no date, and age no need ;
 Then these delights my mind might move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

Another of the same Nature.

Come live with me, and be my dear,
 And we will revel all the year
 In plains and groves, on hills and dales,
 Where fragrant air breathes sweetest gales.
 There shall you have the beauteous pine,
 The cedar, and the spreading vine,
 And all the woods to be a skreen,
 Lest *Phæbus* kiss my summer's queen.
 The seat of your disport shall be,
 Over some river, in a tree ;
 Where silver sands and pebbles sing
 Eternal ditties to the spring.
 There you shall see the nymphs at play,
 And how the satyrs spend the day :
 The fishes gliding on the sands,
 Offering their bellies to your hands :
 The birds, with heavenly-tuned throats,
 Possess woods echoes with sweet notes ;

Which to your senses impart
A music to inflame the heart.
Upon the bare and leafless oak,
The ring-doves wooings will provoke
A colder blood than you possess,
To play with me and do no less.
In bowers of laurel trimly dight,
We will outwear the silent night,
While *Flora* busy is to spread
Her richest treasure on our bed.
The glow-worms shall on you attend,
And all their sparkling lights shall spend;
All to adorn and beautify
Your lodging with most majesty :
Then in my arms will I inclose
Lillies fair mixture with the rose ;
Whose nice perfections in love's play,
Shall tune me to the highest key.
Thus as we pass the welcome night
In sportful pleasures and delight,
The nimble faires on the grounds
Shall dance and sing melodious sounds.
If these may serve for to entice,
Your presence to love's paradise ;
Then come with me, and be my dear,
And we will strait begin the year.

Take, O ! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights which do mislead the morn.
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, tho' seal'd in vain.

Hide, O ! hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow,
Are of those that *April* wears.
But my poor heart first set free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

Let the bird of lowest lay,
On the sole *Arabian* tree,
Herald sad, and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey
But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul procurer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.
From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle feather'd king.
Keep the obsequy so strict;
Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music ken,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.
And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st,
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.
Here the anthem doth commence,
Love and constancy is dead,
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.
So they lov'd as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts but in none;
Number there in love was slain:
Hearts remote, yet not asunder,
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt thy turtle and his queen,
But in them it were a wonder.
So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix sight,
Either was the others mine.
Property was thus appalled,
That the self was not the same,
Single natures, double name,
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason in itself coufounded,
 Saw division grow together,
 To themselves yet either neither,
 Simple were so well compounded,
 That it cried how true a twain
 Seemeth this concordant one,
 Love hath reason, reason none,
 If what parts can so remain.
 Whereupon it made this threne
 To the phoenix and the dove,
 Co-supremes and stars of love,
 As chorus to their tragic scene.

Threnes.

Beauty, truth and rarity,
 Grace in all simplicity,
 Hence inclos'd, in cynders lie ;
 Death is now the phoenix nest,
 And the turtle's loyal breast
 To eternity doth rest ;
 Leaving no posterity.
 'Twas not their infirmity,
 It was married chastity.
 Truth may seem. but cannot be ;
 Beauty brag, but 'twas not she :
 Truth and beauty buried be.
 To this urn let those repair,
 That are either true or fair ;
 For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

Why should this desert be,
 For it is unpeopled ? No,
 Tongue I'll hang on every tree,
 That shall civil sayings show.
 Some how brief the life of man
 Runs his erring pilgrimage,
 That the stretching of a span
 Buckles in his sum of age.

Some of violated vows
 'Twixt the souls of friend and friend,
But upon the fairest boughs,
 Or at every sentence' end
Will I *Rosalinda* write ;
 Teaching all that read to know,
The quintessence of every sprite,
 Heaven would in little show.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd,
 That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd ;
 Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
 Cleopatra's majesty ;
Atalanta's better part,
 Sad *Lucretia's* modesty.
Thus *Rosalind* of many parts,
 By heavenly synods was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
 To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would these gifts she should have,
 And I to live and die her slave.

THE END.



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